THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD

EL CANTAR DE MIO CID
TRANSLATED ~ BY
MERRIAM · SHERWOOD

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HENRY · C · PITZ

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THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD

Translated from
El Cantar de Mio Cid

By MERRIAM SHERWOOD
Illustrated by HENRY C. PITZ

IN the month of May 1307, in a Spanish monastery, a monk laid down his pen with a sigh of relief. He had been copying a long poem, the very spirited and lively tale of the great Spanish hero, Don Rodrigo Diaz of Vivar, called the "Cid." It is this very *El Cantar de Mio Cid* which Dr. Sherwood has translated into stirring prose in *The Tale of the Warrior Lord.*

It tells the story of the Cid, an eleventh-century crusader, unjustly exiled from his native province. For four years he sacks and pillages Moorish towns, sends tribute to his angry lord, and finally captures the ancient stronghold of Valencia. There, with all the vigorous splendor of the Middle Ages, he establishes his court and weds his daughters to the Heirs of Carrión. Not until he is forced to avenge the perfidy of his cowardly sons-in-law does the Cid, Campeador of Spain, sound again his battle-cry. The story ends as the Warrior Lord rides victorious from the tourney.

HENRY
C·PITZ

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The Cid Campeador
Henry Pitz

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FOREWORD

IN THE month of May 1307, in a Spanish monastery, a monk laid down his pen with a sigh of relief. He had been copying a long poem and he was glad to be through. We may be almost sure that he was glad, for the copy he had made was not a very good one. Whether this was because he was careless, or whether his model had faults, it would be hard to say. But we know that the manuscript he left did not do justice to the original poem, which was a very spirited and lively tale of the great Spanish hero Don Rodrigo Díaz of Vivar, called "The Cid." Yet we must be grateful to the monk who made the copy: but for him we should never have known the original poem, which was already quite old when Pedro the Abbot transcribed it. We like to think that an abbot did this work. As a matter of fact, nothing is known about the person who copied the poem — except that he called himself "Per Abbat," or "Pedro Abad," which may mean "Pedro the Abbot" or be simply his nickname, "Peter Abbot."

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The poem had been composed about 1140, some fifty years after the death of its hero. For the Cid was a real person, and *El Cantar de Mio Cid* — the poem about him — is in fact a kind of historical novel describing many of the deeds that made him famous. For a story written at that time — when people were not so careful as they are now to tell the truth about history — it is surprisingly accurate. Most of the characters in the poem really existed, and all but a very few of the places mentioned have been identified. The main events of the Cid's life — that part of it covered by the poem — are given pretty much as they happened; although some of the incidents — and among the most exciting ones — are either legends which had grown up or scenes added by the poet to liven up his tale. He succeeded in making a good story, even though it is so nearly true to fact. For example, we know that the Cid really did have a wife named Doña Jimena. It gives one a start to learn that his marriage contract with her has been found — a marriage contract bearing the date 1074!

It is not known who wrote this stirring tale of the Cid and his wars against the Moors, but it is thought that the author lived near the southern border of the old Kingdom of Castile. He describes the geography of that part of Spain so very exactly and minutely that it would seem as if he must have lived there. The story in a way revolves around the vicinity of Molina and Medinaceli, as the Cid and his followers pass back and forth between the Moorish and the Christian kingdoms.

The after-life of a hero is one of the most variable things in the world: a man may live in remembrance, as a hero, for only a

few hours; or, he may live for several years. The Cid is one of those fortunate heroes who seem to be immortal: playwrights and poets in Spain and in South America have been inspired by his story in our own generation. Of course, he has not remained the same Cid as the hero of the old poem of 1140. His character has changed as the centuries rolled by; so have his deeds. Each succeeding age has pictured him in its own light, but he has always been essentially a hero.

During his life-time, when Moors and Christians were carrying on bitter warfare for domination in Spain, he was thought so important a personage that both his friends and his enemies wrote works about him. Part of a Latin poem in praise of him and composed before his death, has come down to us. Then there is the *Historia Roderici*, a biography written by an admirer some fifteen years after he died; and two Arab histories of about the same date recount certain of his deeds from the point of view of his enemies. But it was not only the clerics who wrote in Latin, or the Arabs who had watched him conquering them, that saw fit to set down their impressions of the spectacular old hero. The Cid died in 1099, and not fifty years had gone by before an unknown minstrel was inspired — as we have said already — to celebrate him in a vivid tale, one of the earliest literary monuments in the Spanish language. Then, as time went on, and the history of Spain began to be written in Spanish, the deeds of the Cid were recounted at length in the chronicles of the twelfth, the thirteenth and succeeding centuries. The compilers of these chronicles took their material from various sources: from the earlier histories in Latin, from

the Arab accounts, and even from the popular poetry. One will find, for instance, whole passages from *El Cantar de Mio Cid* copied almost *verbatim,* though in prose. But the chronicles, especially the later ones, drew from another source which seems to have been purely fabulous. This source is the " Ballads of the Cid " — or " romances," as they are called in Spanish.

The " Ballads " were composed at different times, some of them as late as the sixteenth century, although the subject-matter of most of them is much older than that. All the earliest sources deal with the Cid in the prime of life, when he was fighting against the Moors. They picture him as the invincible warrior — generous or cruel according to whether it was an enemy or a friend who was describing him — and the loyal vassal of a king who had exiled him. But in the ballads we are shown the Cid in his youth, as well as during his mature years, and are told about his death and of what happened afterward. Most of these additional stories are not true historically, but it is by them, rather than by the truer historical accounts, that the majority of writers of the modern age have been inspired.

According to the Ballads, when the Cid was scarcely more than twelve years old, Count Gómez de Gormaz, a neighbor, stole some of the sheep of the Cid's father, Don Diego Laínez, whose fighting days were over; but the Cid fought the Count and killed him. This was a very fateful happening for the boy; for Jimena, the beautiful daughter of the Count, went to the King to ask him to punish the Cid for killing her father. He was, it seems, a very annoying boy. Not content with having shown how good a fighter he was, he teased Jimena by riding

past her house on a prancing steed, with his sparrowhawk on his wrist, and, when he reached the place where she kept her doves, sending his sparrowhawk after them and killing them, so that the blood spattered on her dress.

The King did not at all wish to punish a boy so useful to him as the Cid, who was already fighting the Moors on the King's behalf. But the beautiful Jimena had come so many times to the court with her tale of woe that he at last made up his mind that something must be done about it. Luckily, she helped him to settle the quarrel by a clever idea of her own:

" Marry me to Don Rodrigo," she said. " He took away from me my father, who was my protector. It is only right that he should become my husband and look after me. Tell him that if he will do this, I will not quarrel with him any more."

The King was only too glad to get out of it so easily, and the Cid was promptly married to his beautiful enemy and became very fond of her. Her only complaint after this was that she saw him but once a year because the King kept him away at the wars all the time.

Even his own father was not always able to manage Rodrigo, who was not afraid, when he was summoned to the King's court after the fatal duel with Jimena's father, to refuse to kiss the King's hand and to rebuke his father for kissing it. On the same occasion he boasted that he would conquer five Moorish kings in battle. He carried out his boast, and that is how he won his title of " Cid," which means " lord " in Arabic.

These stories, and others of the same sort which were told about the Cid, apparently have no basis in fact. But the Cid

Campeador — the " Warrior Lord " — Rodrigo Díaz of Vivar, lived on in men's memory by means of them. The dramatists of the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries in Spain wrote play after play based on the Ballads. In these plays the Cid is still the invincible warrior, but he is changed into a fighter of other timber. From the captain hardened by experience, loyal to his king and to his family, but never forgetting that he must be able to cope with the practical exigencies of a none-too-easy life, he becomes the perfect knight of chivalry, loyal to his lady and, above all, to honor.

The most famous of these early days about the Cid is *Las Mocedades del Cid* (" The Youthful Exploits of the Cid "), by Guillén de Castro. It was first published in 1612–1613. There were many others written and produced in Spain, plays dealing not only with the Cid's strange love affair with Jimena but with other supposed, or real, events in his life. The work of Guillén de Castro was that which became the best known, for its fame spread outside of Spain and gave the French dramatist Pierre Corneille the idea for his play called " Le Cid," which was first printed in 1636.

The old poem, *El Cantar de Mio Cid,* had been forgotten for centuries. No one knew of its existence until a Spaniard, Tomás Antonio Sánchez, discovered the manuscript copied by Pedro Abad and published it, in 1779. The discovery was made at just the right moment, when the Romantic Movement was beginning. Writers and scholars in various European countries became filled with enthusiasm for it. Among others, the English poet Robert Southey was one of its most ardent admirers.

In 1808 he published his *Chronicle of the Cid,* in which he combined, in free translation, *El Cantar de Mio Cid* and two of the old Spanish chronicles dealing with the hero.

Down through the nineteenth century new Cid plays were written in Spain, and as recently as 1908, the dramatist Eduardo Marquina produced a play called *Las Hijas del Cid* ("The Daughters of the Cid") and based on the *Cantar.* The contemporary poets Manuel Machada and J. J. Llovet, also, have written poems inspired by various incidents of the old epic.

There have been several English translations of *El Cantar de Mio Cid.* All except Southey's, which can hardly be called a translation of the poem, are in verse. Following is a list of these:

Southey (Robert), *The Chronicle of the Cid,* London, 1808; 3rd edition, with an introduction by Henry Morley, London, 1885; 1st American edition, Lowell, 1846.

Frere (John Hookham), "Translations from *The Poem of the Cid,*" in *The Works of the Right Honorable John Hookham Frere,* Vol. II, pp. 409–437 (London, 1872); Vol. II, pp. 337–368 (Second Edition, with additions, London, 1874). Frere translated into verse six selections from *El Cantar de Mio Cid.* Three of these appeared as an appendix to Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid* (1808), pp. 437–468. The remaining three were first published in the 1872 edition of Frere's works.

Ormsby (John), *The Poem of the Cid,* London, 1879.

Huntington (Archer M.), *The Poem of the Cid,* (text, translation and notes), [N. Y., copyright 1907–8], 3 vols.

Rose (R. Selden) and Bacon (Leonard), *The Lay of the Cid,* Berkeley, California, 1919.

The definitive edition of the poem is that by Ramón Menéndez Pidal, *Cantar de Mio Cid,* Madrid, 1908–1911, 3 vols. This work is now out of print, but the same editor has published a concise edition, under the title *Poema de Mio Cid,* in the series " Clásicos Castellanos."

The present translation, which I have called *The Tale of the Warrior Lord,* has been made in prose. The advantage of such a rendering is of course that it is bound to be more accurate than one in verse. Prose, however, very rarely serves to give the same feeling as verse and it is often preferable to sacrifice a certain amount of exactness to the translation of the spirit of a foreign work. But it seems to me that in the present instance the feeling of the original is reproduced better in prose than in verse. The style of the *Cantar* is rugged and in the copy that has come down to us a great many of the verses are irregular beyond all hope of restoring them to their original form. Putting them into a measured epic metre gives them a somewhat false dignity and takes away from their peculiarly terse vitality.

I have based my translation on the large edition by Menéndez Pidal — cited above — and I have in the main followed his emendations of the original text, including in my version the extracts from the chronicles with which he supplies certain lacunæ in the manuscript, several leaves of which are missing. In a few cases I have not adopted Menéndez Pidal's emendations: when it seemed to me preferable to follow the original version or the suggestion of some other editor. My translation

is as exact as I was able to make it, although in a few minor points I have deviated slightly from the text; as, for instance, when, in mediæval fashion, the past tense and the historical present are used together: in such cases I have employed the past for both. My principal deviations have been the suppression of two or three words or phrases and the addition of an explanatory phrase here and there where the presence of some antiquated word or the mention of some obsolete custom would have rendered the meaning unclear to modern readers. In the absence of notes this was my only means of elucidating the text. Such additions are, however, not numerous.

It remains for me to express my gratitude to Professor Federico de Onís of Columbia University for explaining certain difficult passages. For any errors there may be in the translation, however, I am solely responsible. I wish also to thank Professor Louis Imbert of Columbia University for supplying the indications of pronunciation in the List of Proper Names.

MERRIAM SHERWOOD

New York, 1930

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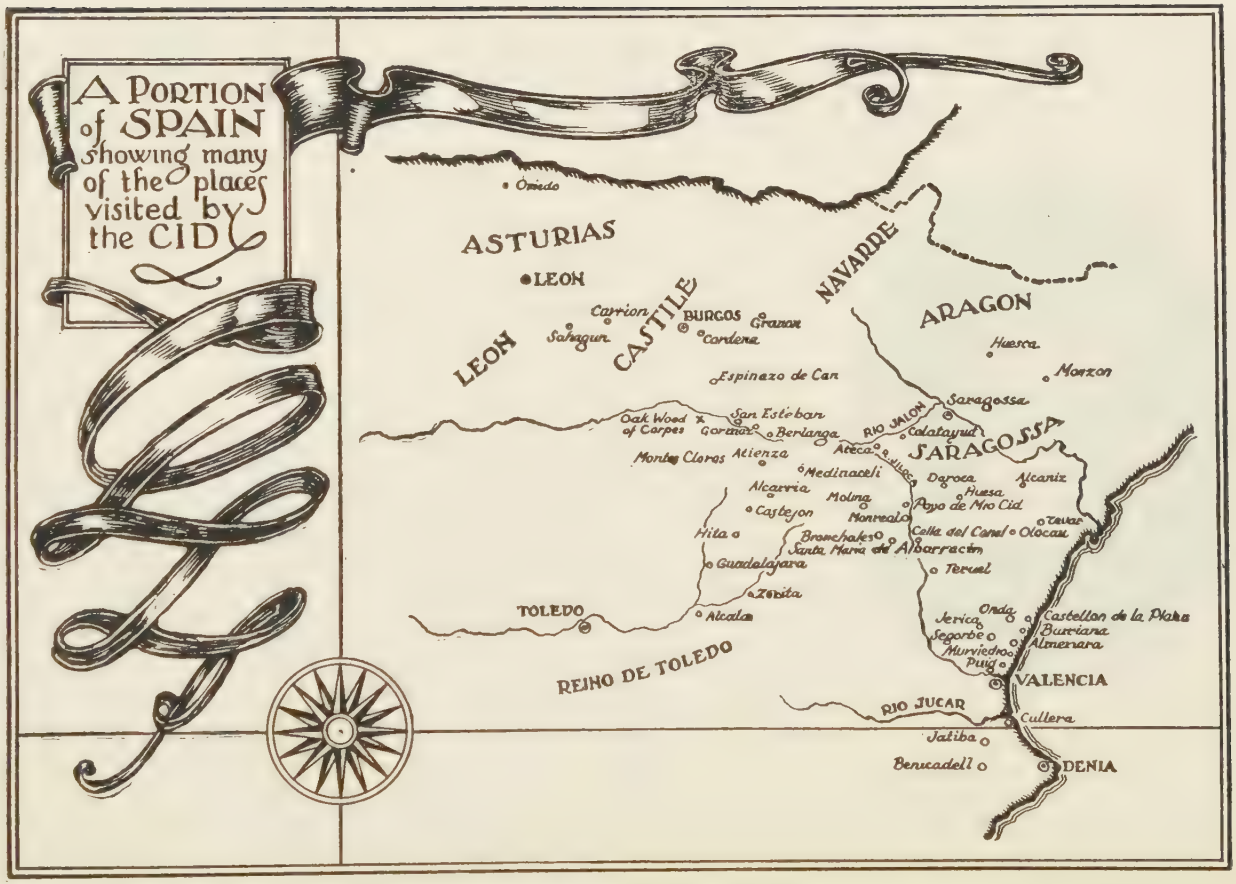
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TOLEDO
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Jerica
Burriana
Segorbe
Almenara
Murviedro
Puig
VALENCIA
REINO DE TOLEDO
RIO JUCAR
Cullera
Jatiba
Benicadell
DENIA

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD

THE TALE OF
THE WARRIOR LORD

I

The Banishment of the Cid

DON ALFONSO the King sent Ruy Díaz the Cid for the tribute that the Kings of Cordova and of Seville had to give him every year. Almutámiz, King of Seville, and Almudáfar, King of Granada, were at that time great enemies and were after each other to the death. And there were then with Almudáfar, King of Granada, those great nobles who were come to his aid: the Count Don García Ordóñez and Fortún Sánchez, the son-in-law of the King Don García of Navarre, and Lope Sánchez, his brother, and Don Diego Pérez, one of the best of Castile; and each of these great nobles was aiding Almudáfar with his might. And they marched against Almutámiz, King of Seville.

When Ruy Díaz the Cid knew that they were thus coming against the King of Seville, who was vassal and tributary of Don Alfonso the King, his Lord, he took it ill and was greatly worried, and he sent letters to everybody, asking them not to engage in attacking the King of Seville and in laying waste his land, because of the duty that they owed Don Alfonso the King. For, if they sought to do otherwise, they must know that Don

Alfonso the King could not help but aid his vassal, since he was his tributary. The King of Granada and the great nobles paid no attention to the letters of the Cid, and they all attacked with great force the King of Seville, and destroyed his land as far as the Castle of Cabra.

When Ruy Díaz the Cid saw this he took all the forces of Christians and of Moors that he could muster and went against the King of Granada to drive him from the land of the King of Seville. And the King of Granada and the great nobles who were with him, when they knew that he was coming in that way, sent word to him that they would not leave the land for him. When Ruy Díaz the Cid heard that, he decided that it would not be well if he did not fight with them, and he attacked them in the field, and the battle lasted from the hour of tierce until the hour of midday, and great was the slaughter there of Moors and of Christians on the side of the King of Granada, and the Cid conquered them and made them flee from the field.

And in that battle the Cid captured the Count Don García Ordóñez and plucked out a piece of his beard; and he took Lope Sánchez and Diego Pérez and many other knights, and so many of the common soldiers that they could not be counted. And the Cid held them prisoner three days, after which he set them all free. As soon as he had captured them he commanded his men to collect the goods and the riches that had been left on the field. Then the Cid went back with all his company and with all his riches to Almutámiz, King of Seville, and he gave to him and to all his Moors whatever they knew was theirs, and

whatever else they wanted to take. And thenceforward Moors and Christians called Ruy Díaz of Vivar " The Cid Campeador," which means " The Warrior Lord."

Almutámiz gave him then many good gifts and the tribute for which he had come; then they confirmed the treaty of peace that there was between the King Don Alfonso and Almutámiz, and the Cid returned with all his tribute to Don Alfonso the King, his Lord. The King received him very well, and was greatly pleased with him, and was quite content with all he had done there. Many were envious of him for that and sought to do him evil, and they embroiled him with the King. The King, who already had an old grudge against the Cid, straightway believed them, and he sent word to the Cid by letter to leave the kingdom. When the Cid had read the letter, although he was sad at heart, he did not try to do other than obey, for he had only nine days in which to be entirely out of the land.

He sent for his kinsmen and his vassals, and told them how the King had commanded him to leave the country within nine days and that he wanted to know from them who wished to go with him and who to stay behind.

" And may you who go with me have the good grace of God, and you who remain here have my good will."

Then spoke Alvar Fáñez, his nearest kinsman:

" We will go with you, Cid, whether in waste places or in towns; for never will we fail you so long as we are alive and well. With you we shall use up our mules and our horses and our money and our bread. We will serve you always as loyal vassals."

Thereupon they all agreed to what Don Alvaro had said. Greatly did the Cid rejoice at all that was spoken there.

The Cid set out from Vivar, bound for Burgos. He left his halls empty and deserted. With tears streaming from his eyes, he turned his head and stood gazing upon them. He saw the portals wide and the doors without bolts, the perches empty, without furred tunics or mantles, without falcons or moulted goshawks. The Cid sighed, for heavy were his cares. The Cid spoke — few and fitting were his words:

"Praise be to thee, Lord God, who bidest on high! This hath befallen me through mine evil enemies."

Then they began to spur forward and gave rein to their horses. On leaving Vivar they had the raven on the right, and on entering Burgos they had it on the left. The Cid shrugged his shoulders and shook his head at the bad omen:

"Largess for my good news, Alvar Fáñez: we are driven from the land!"

The Cid Ruy Díaz entered Burgos. In his company were sixty banners. There came out to see him women and men. The burghers and their wives were at the windows. Tears streamed from their eyes, for great was their grief. From the mouths of them all came a single speech:

" Great God, what a good vassal, had he but a good lord! "

They would gladly have offered him hospitality, but no one dared, because of King Alfonso's great wrath. The night before a letter had come from him, with dire warnings and sealed with his seal. It said that no one should give lodging to the Cid Ruy Díaz. Let any who might do so learn a true word: he should lose his possessions and the eyes from his face as well; nay, more, his body and his life. Great was the sorrow of the Christian people. They hid from the Cid, for they durst not speak a word.

The Campeador went to his house. When he came to the gate he found it fast locked. Those within feared King Alfonso, who had decreed that unless he broke it by force, it should not open to him. Those with the Cid called in a loud voice. Those within had no mind to answer. The Cid spurred forward till he reached the door. He drew his foot from the stirrup and kicked the door; but it did not open, for it was fast locked. There came a little girl of nine years:

" How now, Campeador — at a lucky hour you girded on your sword! It is the King who forbids us. Yestreen came his letter, with dire warnings and sealed with his seal. We dare not open to you or give you welcome. If we did we should lose our lands and our houses and the eyes from our faces besides.

Cid, you would gain nothing by our harm. But may the Creator help you with all His holy power! "

Thus spoke the little girl, and went back to her house. Then the Cid saw that he had no grace from the King. He left the gate and spurred toward Burgos.

He reached the church of Santa María and got off his horse at once. He fell upon his knees and prayed from his heart. His prayer ended, he mounted again. He went out through the gate and crossed the Arlanzón River. Near the town he camped on the bank. He had his tent pitched and straightway dismounted. The Cid Ruy Díaz, who in a lucky hour girded on his sword, camped on the river bank, since no one would

give him shelter. About him he had a good company. Thus the Cid camped as if he were in the woods. He had been forbidden to buy any food in Burgos the City. They dared not sell him the least penny's-worth.

Martín Antolínez, the worthy man of Burgos, gave the Cid and his followers bread and wine. He did not buy it, for he had it with him. Ample was the food he brought. The Cid Campeador and all those in his service ate their fill. Martín Antolínez spoke — you shall hear what he said:

" How now, Campeador, born in a lucky hour! Tonight let us sleep here, and depart in the morning, for they will accuse me for having served you. King Alfonso will be wroth with me. If I escape with you alive and well, then sooner or later the King will seek my friendship. If not, whatever I leave is not worth a fig."

Spoke the Cid, who in lucky hour girded on his sword:

" Martín Antolínez, thou art a bold lance! If I live I shall double your pay. Spent is the gold, and all the silver. You see indeed that I carry nothing. I shall need some for all my company. I shall get some, willy nilly; they would give me nothing of their own free will. With your advice I want to make two chests — we shall fill them with sand, so that they may be very heavy — covered with Ghadames leather and well studded with nails, the leather crimson and the nails well gilded. Do you go secretly for me to the Jews, Raquel and Vidas. Tell them that, as I am forbidden to buy in Burgos, and the King is angry with me, I cannot carry my wealth, for it is very heavy. I will pawn it for what is fair. Let them take it away by night

so that the Christians may not see it. May the Creator be my judge, with all his saints! I can do no other and I do it against my will."

Martín Antolínez did not linger. He passed through Burgos and went into the castle, which was the Jewish quarter. He asked in haste for Raquel and Vidas.

Raquel and Vidas were together, counting out the money they had gained. Martín Antolínez came near with cunning mien:

"Where are you, Raquel and Vidas, my dear friends? I wish to speak to you both, secretly."

They all went aside without delay.

"Raquel and Vidas, both give me your hands, as a pledge that you will not betray me to either Moors or Christians. I will make you rich forever; you shall never be in want. The Campeador went to the Moors for tribute. Great and exceeding wealth did he take. He kept for himself all that was of worth. Because of this he has been accused. He has two chests full of pure gold. You know, certes, that the King is angry with him. He has left his lands and houses and halls. He cannot take away those chests without its being found out. The Campeador will leave them in your hands, and do you loan him what is fitting. Take the chests into your safe-keeping, and both of you pledge your faith, with a great oath, that you will not look into them all this year."

Raquel and Vidas took counsel together.

"We must gain something whenever we can. We know well that the Cid has won somewhat. When he went into the land of the Moors, what great treasure he brought back! He who carries money sleeps not easy. Let us take both these chests. Let us put them in such a place that it will not be found out. But tell us about the Cid: with what he will be content, and what interest he will give us for all this year."

Martín Antolínez answered cunningly:

"The Cid wants what is fair. He will ask of you little in return for your keeping his money in a safe place. From all sides the needy are gathering round him: he must have six hundred marks."

Raquel and Vidas said:

" We will gladly give them to him."

" You see that night is already falling. The Cid is pressed for time. You must give us the marks."

Raquel and Vidas said:

" Not thus is business done: first comes the taking and after that the giving."

Martín Antolínez spoke:

" I am content. Come, both of you, to the famous Campeador, and we shall help you — for that is right — to get the chests and take them into your safe-keeping, in such wise that neither Moors nor Christians shall know of it."

Raquel and Vidas said:

" We are willing. When the chests have been brought, you may take six hundred marks."

Martín Antolínez rode fast with Raquel and Vidas. He was glad to be off. He did not go by the bridge, but forded the river, so that no one of Burgos should see him. Lo! they reached the tent of the Campeador, the Renowned. As soon as they went in they kissed the Cid's hands. The Cid smiled and spoke to them:

" How now! Don Raquel and Don Vidas, you have forgotten me! I am already leaving the country, for the King is angry with me. You are going to have something of mine, so it seems to me. As long as you live you will not be in want."

Raquel and Vidas kissed the Cid's hands. Martín Antolínez arranged the deal: they would give him six hundred marks on those chests, and guard them well until the end of the year, and they pledged their faith and swore that if they looked into them

before that time they would be perjured, and the Cid would not give them one worthless penny of interest.

Martín Antolínez said:

" Load the chests quickly. Carry them away, Raquel and Vidas! Take them over! I am going with you to bring back the marks, for the Cid must move on before the cock crows."

At the loading of the chests you would have seen great rejoicing. They could not lift them on, although they were strong. Raquel and Vidas were pluming themselves on their money: for both were in ease for the rest of their lives! Raquel kissed the hand of the Cid:

" Ah! Campeador, in a lucky hour you girded on your sword! You go from Castile among foreign peoples. Such is your good luck that you always win great booty. A crimson furred tunic of Moorish make and good — Cid, I kiss your hand — let me have it as a gift! "

" Gladly," said the Cid. " I promise it now. I shall bring it to you from over there; or if not, count it against the chests! "

Raquel and Vidas took away the chests. Martín Antolínez went through Burgos with them. Warily they came to their house. They spread a carpet in the middle of the hall and upon it a sheet of fine linen, very white. First Don Martino counted out three hundred silver marks. He took them without weighing them. The three hundred others they paid in gold. Don Martino had five squires with him. He gave them each a load. After this, hear what he said:

" Now, Don Raquel and Don Vidas, the chests are in your hands. I, who have got you this, surely deserve shoe-money! "

Raquel and Vidas withdrew to one side.

" Let us give him a good gift," they said, " since he got this for us.

" Martín Antolínez, famous man of Burgos, you deserve a good gift, and we wish to give you one, to have shoes made and a rich furred tunic and a good mantle. We give you a present of thirty marks. You will earn it from us, for that is right; you shall answer for our loan."

Don Martino thanked them and took the marks. He was glad to go, and bade them farewell.

He left Burgos and crossed the Arlanzón. He came to the tent of him who in lucky hour was born. The Cid received him with open arms:

" Come, Martín Antolínez, my faithful vassal! May I but see the day when you get something from me! "

" I come, Campeador, with all good news. You have got six hundred marks and I, thirty. Order the tent to be folded and let us go away quickly. Let the cock crow for us in the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña. We shall see the wise and noble lady, your wife. We shall cut short our stay and leave the kingdom. We must needs hasten, for the end of your leave draws nigh."

After these words were spoken the tent was folded. The Cid and his companions mounted quickly. The Cid turned his horse's head toward Santa María. He raised his right hand and made the sign of the Cross on his face:

" I give thanks to Thee, O God, who rulest heaven and earth! May thy power protect me, glorious Saint Mary! Now

I leave Castile, since the King is wroth with me. I know not whether I shall ever return in all my life. May thy power guard me, Glorious Lady, in my exile, and help me and succor me by night and by day! If thou dost this, and my good fortune is accomplished, I promise to send to thine altar good and rich gifts, and to have a thousand Masses sung there."

The Chief took his leave right gladly. They gave rein to their horses and spurred forward. Martín Antolínez spoke, the loyal man of Burgos:

" I shall go now to see my wife — at my leisure — and tell my household what to do. If the King wants to take my fief from me, I care not. I shall be with you before the sun begins to shine."

Don Martino returned to Burgos and the Cid pricked on toward San Pedro de Cardeña as fast as he could spur, with those knights who served his will.

Already the cocks were crowing and the dawn was breaking, when the good Campeador reached San Pedro. The Abbot Don Sancho, a Christian of God, was saying matins with the dawning. There was Doña Jimena, with five noble ladies, praying to Saint Peter and to the Creator:

" Thou who rulest all men, protect the Cid Campeador! "

Those without called at the gate and those within heard the command to open. *Dios!* but the Abbot Don Sancho was joyful! With torches and with candles they rushed forth into the courtyard. With great rejoicing they received him who in a lucky hour was born.

" I give thanks to God, O Cid," said the Abbot Don Sancho, " because I see you here. Accept my hospitality."

Said the Cid, he who in a lucky hour was born:

" Thanks, Don Abbot, I am pleased with you. I am going to get provisions ready for myself and my vassals. But because I am leaving the country I will give you fifty marks. If I live awhile, they will be doubled. I would not do a pennyworth of harm to the abbey. Here — for Doña Jimena I give you a hundred marks. Do you serve her and her daughters and her ladies this year. I am leaving these two daughters — still little girls: take them under your protection. To you I commend them, to you, Abbot Don Sancho. Take every care of them and of my wife. If this money gives out, provide well for them — thus I command you. For one mark you spend I will give four to the abbey."

The Abbot granted this joyfully. There came Doña Jimena with her daughters. With each of them was a lady, bringing them before the Cid. Doña Jimena fell on both knees before the Campeador. She wept from her eyes and kissed his hands:

" Your favor, Campeador — in a lucky hour were you born! You are driven from the land by wicked trouble-makers. Your grace, O Cid, Perfect Beard! Behold before you myself and your daughters, with these my ladies, by whom I am served. Your daughters are children, of tender years. I see that you are going away, and that we must part from you in life. Give us counsel, for the love of Saint Mary! "

He put his hands on his beautiful beard. He took his daughters in his arms and pressed them to his heart, for

he loved them well. He wept with his eyes and sighed deeply:

" Ah, Doña Jimena, my perfect wife, as much as my soul do I love you. You see that we must part in life. I shall go and you will stay. May it please God and Saint Mary that I may yet with my own hands marry my daughters, and that I may have good fortune and a few days to live, and that you, honored wife, may be served by me! "

They prepared a great feast for the good Campeador. Loud were the bells rung in San Pedro. The news was heard through all Castile: how the Cid Campeador was going away. Some men left their houses and others their lands. That day, on the Arlanzón bridge, one hundred and fifteen knights had gathered. They were all asking for the Cid Campeador. Martín Antolínez joined them. They went toward San Pedro, where was he who in lucky hour was born.

When the Cid of Vivar learned that his company was growing, and that thus his honor would grow too, he mounted straightway and rode out to receive them. When he caught sight of them he began to smile. They all went up to him and kissed his hand. The Cid spoke with good will:

" I pray God the Spiritual Father that, before I die, I can do some good to you, who have left houses and fiefs for me, and that what you lose you will get back doubled."

The Cid was pleased because his company was growing — and so were all the others with him. They had passed the first six days of the leave. There were three left, you may know, and no more. The King ordered that the Cid be watched, so

that, if he could be caught in the land after the days of grace, he could not escape for gold or for silver.

The day was over. Night was falling. The Cid ordered all his knights to assemble:

" Harken, Barons, do not be troubled. I carry little wealth but I want to give you your share. Be mindful of what you are to do: in the morning, at cock-crow, do not tarry, but have your horses saddled. In San Pedro the good Abbot will have matins sounded. He will say the Mass of the Holy Trinity. Mass said, let us mount; for the time draws near and we have far to go."

They would all do as the Cid commanded. The night was passing: morning was coming. At the second cock-crow they saddled their horses. Matins was sounded in great haste. The Cid and his wife went to the church. Doña Jimena knelt down on the steps before the altar, praying to the Creator as well as

she knew how, that God would guard the Cid Campeador from evil:

" O Glorious Lord, Father who art in heaven, Thou didst create heaven and earth, and in the third place the sea. Thou madest the stars and the moon, and the sun for warmth. Thou wast incarnate in Saint Mary Mother. In Bethlehem Thou wast born, according to Thy will. Shepherds glorified Thee and praised Thee. Three kings of Arabia came to adore Thee: Melchior, Caspar and Balthasar. They offered Thee of their own will gold and incense and myrrh. Thou didst save Jonah when he fell into the sea. Thou didst save Daniel from the lions in the evil prison. Thou didst save Lord Saint Sebastian in Rome. Thou didst save Saint Susanna from criminal false-witnessing. Thou didst live thirty and two years on the earth, Spiritual Lord, performing miracles — wherefore we have something to talk about. Thou didst make of water, wine, and of a stone, bread. Thou didst resurrect Lazarus, for it was Thy wish. Thou didst let Thyself be taken by the Jews. In the place which they call Mount Calvary they placed Thee on the Cross, at Golgotha. With Thee were two thieves, one on either side. One of them is in Paradise, but the other did not enter there. When Thou wast on the Cross, Thou gavest evidence of Thy great power. Longinus was blind; he had never seen at all. He struck Thee in the side with his lance, and the blood issued forth. It flowed down along the shaft and anointed his hands. He raised them up and touched his face. He opened his eyes and looked around on all sides. Then he believed in Thee, because Thou didst save him from suffering. Thou didst rise from the sepulchre. Thou

didst go down into hell, as it was Thy will. Thou didst burst open the gates and take thence the Holy Fathers. Thou art King of Kings and Father of the whole world. Thee do I adore, and in Thee do I believe with all my heart, and I beseech Saint Peter to help me pray for the Cid Campeador, that God preserve him from harm. Though we part today, let us be reunited in life."

The prayer over, they brought the Mass to an end. They went out of the church. They were anxious to start. The Cid embraced Doña Jimena. She kissed his hand, weeping from her eyes, for she knew not what to do. He turned to look at the children:

" I commend you to God, to the Spiritual Father. We part now; God knows when we shall be reunited! "

Weeping from their eyes — you have never seen the like — they parted from one another even as the nail from the flesh. The Cid and his vassals started to mount. While he was waiting for them all, he kept turning his head. Very wisely spoke Minaya Alvar Fáñez:

" Cid, where is your valor? In a lucky hour did your mother bear you. Let us bethink ourselves of going on our way. Let us leave this idling. All our sorrow, even, will be turned to joy. God, who gave us life, will give us help."

They turned back to tell Don Sancho how he should serve Doña Jimena and her daughters, and also all the ladies who were with them. The Abbot need not doubt that he would have good guerdon for this. Don Sancho had turned about, when Alvar Fáñez spoke:

The Angel Gabriel Came to Him in a Vision

" If you see people coming to go with us, Abbot, tell them to follow our track and ride after us; for, whether in waste place or in town, they will be able to overtake us."

They gave rein to their horses and started on their way. The time for leaving the kingdom was almost over. The Cid slept that night at Espinazo de Can. Many men joined him from every side. He started early the next morning. The loyal Campeador was on his way out of the land. On his left was San Esteban de Gormaz, a good city. He passed Alcubilla del Marqués, which is the limit of Castile. He crossed the Quinea highroad, and went over the Duero River at Navapalos. He lodged at Figueruela. Men came there from all sides to join him.

The Cid went to bed as soon as night fell. A sweet sleep seized him, soundly did he slumber. The Angel Gabriel came to him in a vision, and spoke to him:

" Ride on, good Campeador, for never did baron mount in so lucky a moment. As long as you live it will go well with you."

When the Cid awoke he made the sign of the Cross on his face, and commended himself to God. He was well pleased with the dream he had dreamed.

The next morning they rode on. It was the last day — you may know there was no more time. At the Miedes Mountains they spent the night, to the right of Atienza, with its towers held by the Moors. It was still day, for the sun had not set. The Cid Campeador reviewed his troops. Besides the footsoldiers — valiant men — he counted three hundred lances, all with banners.

" Give the beasts their fodder at once — may the Creator

save you! Let any man who will, eat, and he who will not, let him ride on. We shall cross the mountains, which are wild and high. We can leave the land of Don Alfonso the King tonight. Then, whoso seeks us may find us! "

They crossed the mountain-range by night. Day broke, and they started to go down toward the lower slope. In the middle of a forest, marvelous and great, the Cid called a halt and gave the beasts their fodder. He told them all that he wished to make a night march. Good vassals they were and they were right willing: they would carry out every command of their lord. Before nightfall they started to ride on. The Cid did this so that no one might get on his track. They went without stopping. At a place called Castejón — the one on the Henares River — the Cid lay in ambush with those whom he was leading. All night he lay there, as Alvar Fáñez Minaya advised:

" O Cid, in a lucky hour you girded on your sword! After we have taken Castejón by surprise, do you, with one hundred of our company, stay there, keeping the rear guard. Give me two hundred in the vanguard, to go foraging. With God and your good luck we shall win great booty."

The Campeador said:

" You speak well, Minaya. Do you go foraging with the two hundred in the vanguard. Take also Alvar Alvarez and Alvar Salvadórez, without fail, and Galindo García, a hardy lance — good knights to go with Minaya. Make a bold run, leave nothing because of fear. Have the foragers go below Hita and by Guadalajara as far as Alcalá. Let them gather in all the booty, and leave nothing for fear of the Moors. I will stay here

in the rear guard with one hundred. I will hold Castejón, which will help supply our needs. If any danger should befall you in the vanguard, send me word quickly to the rear, and all Spain will talk of the rescue I shall make! "

Those who were to go foraging in the vanguard were named, and also those who should stay in the rear guard with the Cid.

Already dawn was breaking. Morning came, and the sun rose — *Dios,* how beautifully it shone! In Castejón everyone got up. They opened their doors and went out to see to their

work and their lands. They all went away, leaving their doors open. Very few people remained in Castejón. Those who had gone out were scattered. The Campeador came forth from the ambuscade and circled Castejón with his men. They captured the Moorish men and women as spoils of war, and all the flocks that were wandering outside. Don Rodrigo the Cid took his way toward the gate of the city. Those who held it, when they saw that they had been taken by surprise, were afraid and abandoned it. Ruy Díaz the Cid entered the gates. In his hand he held his naked sword. He slew fifteen Moors of those whom he found. He captured Castejón, with its gold and its silver. His knights came up with the booty. They left it with the Cid, for they cared no whit for all that.

Here come the two hundred and three from the foray. They had made a bold run. As far as Alcalá Minaya's banner had gone. From there they returned with the spoils, up the Henares and by Guadalajara. They brought enormous booty: great wealth of sheep and of cows, of clothes and of other valuable things. The banner of Minaya came back erect. No one dared attack them from the rear. The band returned with that great booty. Here they are in Castejón, where the Campeador is stationed. The Campeador left the castle, which he had taken, and rode forth with his followers to greet them. With open arms he welcomed Minaya:

"Are you come, Alvar Fáñez, hardy lance? Wherever I might send you, I should hope for such as this. Let what you bring be added to my booty, and I will give you a fifth of it all — if you so desire, Minaya."

"I thank you much, renowned Campeador. Alfonso the Castilian himself would be content with this fifth that you have offered me! But I give it back to you and free you from your offer. I vow to God — He who is on high — that, until I satisfy myself, on my good horse, fighting with the Moors on the field of battle; until I hold lance in rest and grasp my sword in my hand, and the blood drips down from my elbow, before Ruy Díaz, the Fighter renowned: I will not take from you so much as a miserable farthing. When you shall have won through me something of worth, I will take your gift; meanwhile, here is the rest in your hands."

All the booty was brought together there. The Cid thought to himself — he who in lucky hour was born — that King Alfonso's forces would gather, and that the King, with all his followers, would seek the Cid's hurt. He ordered all that wealth to be apportioned and that those in charge of the division of the spoils put it in writing for him. His knights were lucky that time: to each of them fell one hundred silver marks; and to the footsoldiers half of that. All the fifth part was left for the Cid. He could not sell it or give it as a present there, and he did not wish to take into his following either men or women captives. He spoke with those of Castejón and then sent to Hita and to Guadalajara to find out for how much this fifth might be sold. They could make a large profit over what they would give. The Moors offered him three thousand marks of silver. This satisfied the Cid. On the third day the money was paid.

The Cid thought to himself that, with all his company, there

would be no staying in the castle: that he would be able to hold it but that there would be no water, in case of siege.

" The Moors here are at peace with King Alfonso," he said, " for a treaty has been signed between them. He will therefore come with all his men to attack us. I wish to leave Castejón. Listen, my followers and Minaya! Whatever I say, do not take it ill. We should not be able to stay in Castejón. King Alfonso is near and will come in search of us. But I do not want to destroy the castle. I will set free one hundred Moorish men and one hundred women, that they may not speak ill of me because I took it from them. You are all content, not one of you waiting to be so. Tomorrow morning let us start out. I do not wish to fight with Alfonso my lord."

What the Cid said pleased the rest. They all departed rich from the castle they had taken. The Moors, both men and women, blessed him.

They went up the Henares as far as they could. They crossed the Alcarria country and went on. They passed Cuevas de Anguita, " The Caves of Anguita," and went over the river into the plain of Taranz, and down through that land as far as they could. The Cid spent the night between Ariza and Cetina. He captured large booty in the country he crossed. The Moors did not know the plans of the Cid and his men. The next day the Cid of Vivar went on. He passed Alhama and went down La Hoz, the gorge of the River Jalón. He passed Bubierca and Ateca, which is farther on, and above Alcocer he spent the night, on a round hill, strong for defense and high. The Jalón River flows nearby: no enemy could cut him off from water! Don Rodrigo the Cid fixed on taking Alcocer.

He manned the hill well, and made his position strong, with some of his men toward the ridge and the others toward the river. The good Campeador, who in lucky hour was born, commanded his barons to dig a ditch around the hill, close to the river, so that neither by day nor by night could they be attacked by surprise, and so that the Moors might know that the Cid had taken his stand there.

Throughout all the land went the news that the Cid Campeador was stationed there; that he had come among the Moors, and had departed from the Christians. In the country around him the Moors did not dare to work their fields. The Cid and all his vassals rejoiced. The castle of Alcocer agreed to pay a tribute. Those of Alcocer, then, paid tribute to the Cid. So did those of Ateca and those of Terrer the Town. Those of Calatayud, you may know, were sore afflicted. The Cid lay there fifteen full weeks.

When the Cid saw that Alcocer was not surrendering to him, he thought of a stratagem and did not delay in carrying it out. He left one tent standing and took away all the rest. He descended the Jalón, his banner raised, his men in coats-of-mail, with swords girt. This was a clever scheme to draw them into his ambuscade. When those of Alcocer saw him, *Dios,* how they rejoiced!

"Food and fodder have failed the Cid," they said. "He has left one tent and is hard put to it to take away the others. The Cid is marching as if he were escaping after a rout. Let us attack him, and we shall get a deal of booty, before those of Terrer capture him. For if they take him they will not give us

anything. The tribute he has got from us he will return to us doubled."

They sallied from Alcocer full swiftly. The Cid, when he saw them outside, made as if he were in flight. He went down the Jalón with his men. Said those of Alcocer:

" Already the booty is going from us! "

Great and small rushed out. In their wish for capture they thought of nothing else. They left the gates open with no one to guard them. The good Campeador turned his face thither. He saw that between the enemy and the castle there was a wide space. He ordered his banner turned and spurred quickly.

" Strike them, Knights, all of you, without fear. With the grace of the Creator, the spoils are ours! "

They came together in the middle of the plain. *Dios,* how good was their joy on that morning! The Cid and Alvar Fáñez spurred forward. You may be sure that they had good horses, obedient to their will. They went in between the enemy and the castle. The vassals of the Cid had at the Moors without pity. In a little space they slew three hundred. Those who were in ambush, with loud cries, rushed forward, leaving the rest behind, and turned toward the castle. With naked swords they took their stand at the gate. Their companions arrived there, for the victory was won. The Cid won Alcocer, you may know, by that ruse. Pedro Vermúdez arrived, holding the standard in his hand. He placed it on the very highest point of the castle. Said the Cid Ruy Díaz, he who in lucky hour was born:

" Thanks to the God of heaven and to all His saints! Now we shall better the lodgings of masters and of horses!

On the Very Highest Point of the Castle

"Listen to me, Alvar Fáñez and all my knights! In this castle we have taken great wealth. The Moors lie dead. I see few living. We cannot sell the captive men and women. We shall gain nothing by cutting off their heads. Let us gather them within, for we hold the lordship. We shall lodge in their houses and be served by them."

The Cid was now in Alcocer with the spoils. He had the tent brought, that he had left on the hill. All this grieved those of Ateca and angered those of Terrer, and those of Calatayud were not pleased. They sent a message to the King of Valencia, to say there was one called the Cid Ruy Díaz of Vivar; that King Alfonso had taken his favor from him and driven him from the country, and that he had made his stand above Alcocer in a very strong position, and had drawn those of the city into an ambuscade and won the castle. "And if thou dost not succor us thou wilt lose Ateca and Terrer. Thou wilt lose Calatayud, which cannot escape. The valley of the Jalón will all be laid waste. So will that of the Jiloca, which is on the other side."

When King Tamín heard this his heart was heavy.

"Three kings of the Moors I see around me," he said. "Without delay go thither, two of you. Take three thousand Moors, armed for battle. With the help of those of the frontier, take the Cid alive and bring him before me. He will have to give me satisfaction for entering my land."

Three thousand Moors mounted and started out. They came to lodge that night at Segorbe. The next morning they rode on. At night they slept at Cella. They sent word to those of the frontier, who did not delay but came from all sides. They

left Cella — the one called " del Canal " — and marched all day, without stopping. That night they lodged in Calatayud. Through all those lands they had the news cried. A huge number of troops joined those two kings, who were called Háriz and Gálib. They went to besiege the good Cid in Alcocer.

They pitched their tents and took up their positions. Their forces grew, for men joined them in great numbers. The advance guards set by the Moors went fully armed day and night. Many were the guards and great was the host. They began to cut off the water from the Cid's men, who wanted to sally forth

to battle. He who in lucky hour was born forbade it. The Moors besieged the town full three weeks.

At the end of three weeks, and the beginning of the fourth, the Cid sought to come to an agreement with his men:

" They have cut off our water, and our bread will be gone. If we try to leave by night they will prevent us. Their forces are too large to fight with. Tell me, Knights, what it pleases you to do."

Minaya, knight of prowess, spoke first:

" From Castile the Noble we have come hither. If we do not fight the Moors they will not give us bread. We are full six hundred — there are even a few more. In the name of the Creator — may it not be otherwise — let us go strike them tomorrow."

Said the Campeador:

" You have spoken to my liking. You have done yourself honor, Minaya, as you would be bound to do."

He had all the Moors, men and women, put outside, so that no one might know his secret plans. They were all day and night getting ready. The next morning, as the sun was rising, the Cid and all his followers armed themselves. The Cid spoke as you shall hear:

" Let us all sally forth. Let none stay behind save only two footsoldiers to guard the gate. If we die in the field, they will enter the castle. If we win the battle, we shall increase in wealth. And you, Pedro Vermúdez, take my standard. As you are a good fighter, you will bear it loyally. But do not spur forward with it unless I command you to."

Pedro kissed the Cid's hand and took the banner.

They opened the gates and rushed forth. The sentinels of the Moors saw this and went back to the army. What hubbub spread among the Moors! They began to arm themselves. With the noise of the drums the earth seemed about to split! You would have seen the Moors arming and quickly forming their array. On their side were two chief standards; and the many smaller ones, who could have counted them? The Moorish lines were already advancing, to take prisoner the Cid and his followers.

" Stay quiet, my men," said the Cid, " here in this place. Let no one leave the ranks until I give the order."

Pedro Vermúdez could not bear this. Holding the banner in his hand, he spurred forward.

" The Creator keep you, loyal Cid Campeador! I go to place your standard in that strongest battle-line. You whose duty it is, I shall see how you defend it! "

Said the Campeador:

" Not so, for charity! "

Pedro Vermúdez answered:

" It shall be no other way."

He spurred his horse and went towards the strongest line. The Moors welcomed him, to win the banner. They gave him great blows but they could not break through his armor. Said the Campeador:

" Help him, for charity! "

They held their shields before their breasts. They couched their lances with their pennons. They bent their heads above

their saddle-bows. They went with strong hearts to strike the enemy. He who in lucky hour was born cried in a loud voice:

"Strike, Knights, for the love of the Creator! I am Ruy Díaz, the Cid Campeador of Vivar!"

They all attacked the battle-line where was Pedro Vermúdez. There were three hundred lances, all with pennons. They each slew a Moor, each with a single blow. In the return charge as many more were slain. You would have seen many a lance lowered and raised, many a targe pierced and transfixed, many a hauberk broken and unlinked, many a white pennon pulled forth crimson with blood, many a good steed running without a master. The Moors called on Mohammed and the Christians on Saint James. In a little space one thousand three hundred Moors fell dead on the field.

How well he fought on his gilded saddle, the Cid Ruy Díaz, the good Warrior! Minaya Alvar Fáñez, Lord of Zorita; Martín Antolínez, the worthy man of Burgos; Muño Gustioz, the Cid's foster-son; Martín Muñoz, Lord of Montemayor; Alvar Alvarez and Alvar Salvadórez; Galindo García, the good Aragonese; Félix Muñoz, nephew of the Campeador: as many as were there defended the banner and the Cid Campeador.

The Moors slew the horse of Minaya Alvar Fáñez. The Christian troops stood by him stoutly. He had broken his lance and had taken sword in hand. Although on foot, he was giving good blows. The Cid Ruy Díaz the Castilian saw this. He went up to a Moorish general who had a good horse. He dealt him such a blow with his sword that he cleft him through the

waist and threw the half of him to the ground. He gave the horse to Minaya Alvar Fáñez:

" Mount, Minaya, you are my right arm! Before this day is over I shall have great help from you."

The Moors stood firm. They had not yet left the field. Minaya mounted, sword in hand. Fighting hard among those forces, he slew all whom he overtook. Ruy Díaz the Cid, he who in lucky hour was born, gave three blows to King Háriz. The first two missed him, but the third reached its goal, making the blood drip down his coat-of-mail. He turned his horse's head to escape from the field. By that blow the army was put to flight.

Martín Antolínez dealt a blow to Gálib. He struck the carbuncles off his helmet. He cut through the helmet and reached the flesh. The King, you may know, durst not wait for the next blow. King Háriz was beaten, and so was Gálib. What a good day for Christendom! For the Moors fled from that place, with those of the Cid at their heels, striking them. King Háriz betook himself to Terrer, but they did not receive Gálib there: he went as fast as he could toward Calatayud. The Campeador rode in pursuit of him. The pursuit lasted to Calatayud.

His new horse suited Minaya Alvar Fáñez well. He slew thirty and four of those Moors. Smiting with his sword, he had his arm dripping with blood. Down from the elbow it flowed. Said Minaya:

" Now I am content, for good news will go to Castile: that the Cid Ruy Díaz has won a pitched battle."

So many Moors lay slain that few were left alive, for the

Cid's men had been pursuing them fearlessly. Now those of him who in lucky hour was born were returning. The Cid was riding on his good horse, his coif folded above his forehead, his hood of mail down — *Dios,* how splendid his beard! — his sword in his hand. He saw his men coming up:

" Thanks be to God, He who dwelleth on high, since we have won such a battle! "

The followers of the Cid straightway pillaged the camp of shields and of arms and of other things of worth. When they came back from the pursuit they found five hundred and ten horses of the Moors. Great joy spread among the Christians. No more than fifteen of their men were missing. They did not know the sum of gold and silver that they had. All the Christians were made rich by that booty. They brought the Moors whom they had sent away, back to their castle, and the Cid ordered something be given to them also. He and his vassals were filled with joy. He gave them the money and the other riches to divide. In his own fifth part were a hundred horses. *Dios!* how well did he please all his vassals, both footsoldiers and cavalry! He who in lucky hour was born managed well indeed, for he made all his followers content.

" Harken, Minaya," he said, " you are my right arm! Of the wealth that the Creator has given us, take with your own hand what you will. I want to send you to Castile with the news of this battle we have won. To King Alfonso, who is wroth with me, I wish to give as a gift thirty horses, each one with a saddle and a handsome bridle, and with a sword hanging from the saddle-bow."

Said Minaya Alvar Fáñez:

"I shall be glad to do this."

"Here is gold and silver — a bootful, no less. In Santa María of Burgos pay for one thousand Masses. Whatever is left over give to my wife and my daughters, and let them pray for me night and day. If I live they shall be rich ladies."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez was content. They picked those to go with him. They gave the beasts their fodder. It was already night. The Cid Ruy Díaz arranged things with his men:

"So you are going, Minaya, to Castile the Noble? You may indeed say to our friends: 'God protected us and we won the battle.' You will find us here on your return; or if not, follow us where you learn that we are. We must defend ourselves with lances and swords, or we could not live in this barren land."

It was all arranged: Minaya left in the morning, and the Campeador stayed there with his followers. The land was poor and exceeding bad. The Moors of the frontier and some others, strangers, were keeping a watch on the Cid all the time. King Háriz got well and the Moors took counsel with him. Those of Ateca and those of Terrer the Town, and those of Calatayud, which is a more important place, together made an estimate and put it in writing: it was a bargain with the Cid. He sold them Alcocer for three thousand silver marks.

The Cid Ruy Díaz sold Alcocer. He had made his vassals well content. His knights and his footsoldiers were rich. You would not have found one poor among all his men. He who serves a good lord lives always in delight!

When the Cid made ready to leave the castle, the Moors, men and women, began to lament:

"Thou art going away, Cid? May our prayers go before thee! We are content, Lord, with thy doing."

When the Cid of Vivar left Alcocer, the Moors, men and women, began to weep. The Campeador raised his standard and departed. He went down the Jalón and spurred forward. The omens from the birds were good when he left the Jalón. Those of Terrer were pleased at his going, and those of Calata-

yud more so. But those of Alcocer were sorry, for he had done them much good. The Cid spurred onward, and took his stand on a hill which is above Monreal. High is the hill, marvelous and big. He did not fear attack, you may know, from any side. First he placed under tribute Daroca, then Molina, which was on the other side, then Teruel, which was in front of him. He held in his hand Cella, the one called " del Canal."

May the Cid Ruy Díaz have the grace of God! Alvar Fáñez Minaya had gone to Castile. He presented thirty horses to the King. The King saw them and smiled a fair smile:

" Who is the giver of these? May God keep you, Minaya! "

" The Cid Ruy Díaz, who in lucky hour girded on his sword. After he lost your grace, he won from the Moors the castle of Alcocer. The Moors sent word to the King of Valencia, who dispatched his forces with two Moorish kings against him. They besieged him there and cut off the water from him, so that we could not hold out. Then the Cid decided to sally forth against them, and we fought a pitched battle, and the Cid had the victory. He conquered the two Moorish kings in that battle. Exceeding great, Lord, was the booty. He sends this present to you, honored King. He kisses your feet and both your hands. May you have mercy on him. The Creator protect you! "

Said the King:

" It is very soon, after such a short time, to pardon a man in disgrace with his lord! But I accept this gift since it was taken from the Moors. What is more, I am pleased with the Cid for winning such spoils. Besides this, I acquit you, Minaya. I give you back your fiefs and your lands. You may go and come

freely. From now on you have my pardon. But of the Cid Campeador I say nothing to you. Yet in addition I will say to you that any men, good and valiant, in all my kingdom, who wish to aid the Cid may do so without fear that I will seize their bodies or their lands."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez kissed the King's hands, and said:

"Thanks and thanks again, King, as to my rightful lord. You do this now; later on you will do more."

Said the King:

"Go through Castile and tell them to let you pass. Go, without fear, to find the Cid."

I will tell you now of him who in lucky hour girded on his sword. That hill on which he pitched his camp, as long as there are Moorish and Christian people, will be written *El Poyo de Mio Cid*, "The Hill of the Cid." While he was there he pillaged all around. He laid under tribute the whole valley of the Martín River. News of him reached Saragossa, and did not please the Moors of that city at all. The Cid was there fifteen whole weeks. When the Chief saw that Minaya was delayed, he made a night march with all his men. He left El Poyo, "The Hill," and took everything away. Don Rodrigo passed on the other side of Teruel. Ruy Díaz camped in the pine-grove of Tévar. He pillaged all those lands, and laid Saragossa under tribute.

After he had done this, at the end of three weeks, Minaya came back from Castile. He brought two hundred with him, all girt with swords; and footsoldiers besides, you may know, without number. When the Cid caught sight of Minaya he

went — his horse running — to embrace him. He kissed him on the mouth and on the eyes of his face. Minaya hid nothing from him but told him everything. The Campeador smiled a fair smile:

" Thanks be to God and to His holy powers! While you live, it will go well with me, Minaya! "

Dios! How joyful was all that host; for Minaya Alvar Fáñez brought them greetings from cousins and from brothers and from wives whom they had left behind. *Dios!* How joyful was he of the beautiful beard, because Alvar Fáñez had paid for the thousand Masses and had brought greetings from his wife and his daughters. *Dios!* How pleased was the Cid, and how great was his joy!

" How now, Alvar Fáñez! may you live many days! "

He who in lucky hour was born did not linger. He made the lands of Alcañiz black, and round about he pillaged everything. On the third day he returned.

The news had spread through all the country. Those of Monzón were worried and those of Huesca. Those of Saragossa were glad, because they paid tribute, and so feared no harm from the Cid Ruy Díaz.

Those of the Cid went back to the camp with the booty. They were all joyful, for the spoils were large. The Cid was pleased, and much pleased was Alvar Fáñez. The Chief smiled; he could not help his words:

" What ho! Knights, I will tell you the truth: he who bides always in one place may lose what he has. Tomorrow morning let us ride away. We shall leave this camp and go further."

Then the Cid moved to the Pass of Olocau. From there he made a run to Huesa and to Montalbán. They spent ten days in that foray. The news went everywhere that the exile from Castile was bringing them all this evil.

The news had gone everywhere. Word came to the Count of Barcelona, Don Ramón, that the Cid Ruy Díaz was overrunning all the land. He was very angry, for he held it a great insult. The Count was a mighty boaster and he said a foolish thing:

" Deep are the wrongs done to me by the Cid of Vivar. He did me a great wrong once within my court: he struck my nephew and never made amends. Now he is overrunning the lands that are under my protection. I have not challenged him nor forsworn my friendship with him; but since he provokes me, I am going to demand satisfaction."

His forces were large, and they gathered hastily. What with Moors and Christians, many troops joined him. They went after the Cid, the good Knight of Vivar. They marched for three days and two nights. They overtook him in the pine-grove of Tévar. With their strong forces they thought to make him prisoner.

The Cid Don Rodrigo was bringing back large booty. He was going down from a mountain top and had reached a valley. A message came to him from the Count Don Ramón. The Cid sent thither after he had heard it:

" Tell the Count not to take it ill. I have nothing of his; let him suffer me to go in peace."

The Count answered:

"That shall not be! For that other wrong and for this one now he shall make full amends. The Exile shall know whom he has come to insult!"

The messenger went back as quickly as he could. Then the Cid of Vivar knew that they could not get off without a battle.

"What ho! Knights! place the booty to one side. Get ready quickly and put on your armor. Don Ramón the Count is going to give us a great battle. He leads large troops of Moors and of Christians. He refuses to let us go without a fight. Since they would pursue us further, let the battle be here. Get the horses ready and put on your armor. They are coming down the hill, all wearing hose, and they have light saddles with loose girths. We shall ride on Galician saddles and wear boots over our hose! We, a hundred knights, ought to vanquish those troops. Before they reach the plain let us have at them with our lances. For one whom you strike three saddles will go empty. Ramón Berenguer shall see whom he pursued today to the pine-grove of Tévar, to take his booty from him."

They all put on their armor after the Cid had ended. They took their arms and mounted their horses. They saw the army of the Franks of Catalonia coming down. At the foot of the hill, near the plain, the Cid, he who in lucky hour was born, gave the command to strike. His men obeyed gladly. They used their bannered lances so well, smiting some and overthrowing others, that he who in lucky hour was born won that battle. He took prisoner Don Ramón the Count. The Cid won there the sword *Colada,* that was worth more than a thousand marks.

He gained that battle, with more honor to his beard. He

took the Count captive and led him to his tent. He ordered his henchmen to guard him. The Cid sprang out of the tent. His men were gathering from all sides. The Cid was pleased, for the booty was large. They prepared a great feast for the Cid Don Rodrigo.

The Count Don Ramón did not care for the feast at all. They brought in the viands and placed them before him. He would not eat but scorned everything:

" For all that is in Spain I would not eat a mouthful. I would rather lose my body and my life, since men so ill-shod have vanquished me in battle! "

You shall hear what the Cid Ruy Díaz said:

" Eat some of this bread, Count, and drink some of this wine. If you will do as I say you shall go free. If not, in all your life you will not see Christendom."

" Eat, Don Rodrigo, and enjoy yourself. I shall let myself die, for I do not want to eat."

Until the third day they could not persuade him. They could not make him take a mouthful of bread while they were dividing that great booty. Said the Cid:

" Eat something, Count, for if you do not, you will not see Christendom. And, if you eat so that I am satisfied, I will set you free and liberate you, you and two nobles."

When the Count heard this he began to rejoice:

" If you do as you have said, Cid, I shall wonder at it as long as I live."

" Then eat, Count, and when you have dined, you and two others, I will set you free. But of what you have lost and I won in

the field, be sure that I shall not give you one miserable farthing; for I need it for these my vassals, who follow me in poverty. I will not give that back to you. By taking from you and from others we shall be satisfied. We shall lead this life as long as it shall please the Holy Father — this life of an exile whose king is angry with him."

The Count was joyful. He asked for water for his hands and they brought it quickly to him. With the knights whom the Cid had granted him, the Count ate — *Dios!* With what good will! Just above him at the table sat he who in lucky hour was born:

" If you do not eat well, Count, so as to satisfy me, we shall stay here, we two shall not part."

Then the Count said:

" I shall be glad to do as you wish."

With those two knights he dined quickly. The Cid, who was looking at them, was delighted to see how deftly Don Ramón used his hands.

" If you please, Cid, we are ready to go. Have our beasts brought and we will mount at once. From the day I became Count I have not eaten with such pleasure. It is one that I shall not forget."

They gave them three palfreys very well saddled, and good clothing: furred tunics and mantles. The Count Don Ramón rode between the two nobles. The Castilian escorted them to the end of the camp.

" Already you are going, Count," he said, " as a Frank, or free man, should. I thank you for what you have left me. If it

should enter your mind to seek vengeance, and if you should come after me, send me word first: either you will leave me something of yours or take from me something of mine."

" Rejoice, O Cid, you are quite safe. I have paid you for all this year. I shall not even think of coming to seek you."

The Count dug in his spurs and rode away. He kept turning his head and looking round. He was afraid that the Cid would repent — which the Cid would not have done for anything in the world; for he was a man of his word.

The Count was gone. He of Vivar returned. He joined his followers and began to distribute the booty that they had taken — marvelous and great. His men were so rich that they did not know what they had.

II

The Wedding of the Daughters of the Cid

HERE BEGIN again the deeds of the Cid of Vivar. The Cid had occupied the Pass of Olocau. He had left behind Saragossa and the places on that side, Huesa and the lands of Montalbán. He began to make war towards the salt sea. The sun rises in the east, and he turned in that direction. The Cid won Jérica and Onda and Almenara. He conquered all the country of Burriana. The Creator aided him, the Lord who is in Heaven. He took Murviedro also. The Cid saw that God was protecting him. Within Valencia not little was the fear.

Those of Valencia, you may know, were worried. They decided to hem him in. They marched by night, and at dawn began to pitch their tents near Murviedro. The Cid saw this and wondered:

" Thanks to Thee, Spiritual Father! We are in their land and are doing them great harm. We are drinking their wine and eating their bread. If they come to hem us in, they have a right to do it. This will not end without battle. Let the summons go to those who ought to help us: Send some to

Jérica and others to Olocau; thence to Onda, and others to Almenara. Let those of Burriana come here at once. We will fight this pitched battle. I trust in God our friends will profit us."

They had all gathered by the third day. He who in lucky hour was born began to speak:

" Harken, followers, and may the Creator save you! Since we left Christendom the Pure — it was not by our own wish, nor could we do anything else — our affairs have gone forward, thanks to God! Those of Valencia have hemmed us in. If we wish to hold out in this land, these men must be severely punished. Let the night pass and the morning come. Be ready, on horseback and armed. We shall go to see that host of theirs. Men from a foreign land, we shall find out there who merits his pay."

Hear what Minaya Alvar Fáñez said:

" Campeador, let us do what pleases you. Give me one hundred knights — I do not ask more. You, with the rest, attack them in front. Strike hard and fearlessly. I will go in on the other side with the hundred. As I trust in God, the field will be ours."

What he said pleased the Campeador very much. It was morning and they began to arm. Each one knew well what he had to do. With the dawn the Cid advanced to the attack:

" In the name of the Creator and of the Apostle Saint James, strike, Knights, lustily and hard! For I am Ruy Díaz, the Cid of Vivar! "

There you would have seen many a tent-rope broken, the

stakes pulled up and the poles thrown down on all sides. The Moors were many. They tried to rally. On the other side Alvar Fáñez entered their ranks. Though they had no wish to do so, they were forced to surrender and take to flight. Those who could, escaped at full gallop. Two Moorish kings were slain in the rout. The pursuit lasted as far as Valencia. Large was the booty taken by the Cid. His men pillaged the field and came back. They entered Murviedro with the spoils that they bore. Great was the joy that spread through the place. They took Cebolla — Puig — and all that is beyond it. In Valencia the people were so afraid that they did not know what to do. The fame of the Cid, you may know, went resounding.

His fame went resounding across the sea. The Cid and all his companies were joyful, because God had helped him and brought about that rout. They sent out their scouts and made night marches. They reached Cullera and then Játiba. They went even farther down, to Denia the Town. Near the sea they laid waste the land of the Moors. They captured Benicadell, the ways out and in. When the Cid Campeador held Benicadell those of Játiba and of Cullera were very worried. Untold grief was in Valencia.

Taking and conquering the land of the Moors, capturing those towns, sleeping by day and marching by night, the Cid spent three years. His forces had punished those of Valencia, who dared not come forth nor join battle with him. He laid waste their gardens and did them great scathe. During each of those years the Cid took their harvest from them. Those of Valencia were sore afflicted and knew not what to do. Bread

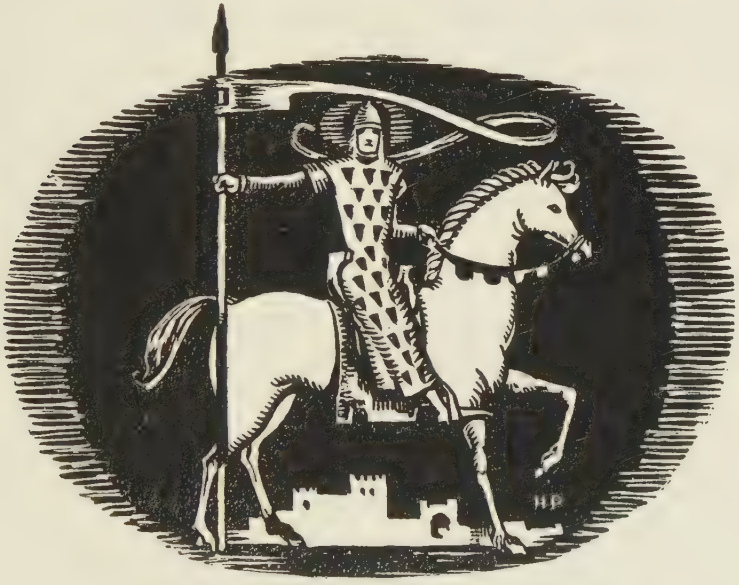
was not coming to them from anywhere at all. Father could not give advice to son, nor son to father, nor could friend comfort friend. It is bad luck, my lords, to be without bread, to watch wives and children dying of hunger. They saw suffering ahead and they could not help themselves. They had to send to the King of Morocco. He was carrying on a great war with the Lord of Montes Claros — so great a war that he did not give them counsel or come to their aid.

The Cid learned this and was glad at heart. He went out one night from Murviedro for a night march. The dawn broke on the Cid in the country of Monreal. He had a proclamation cried through Aragon and through Navarre, and sent this message to the land of Castile:

" He who wants to lose poverty and gain riches, let him come to the Cid, who feels like riding forth: he is about to besiege Valencia and give it to the Christians. Whoever wants to go with me to besiege Valencia — let all come of their own will, no one by force — I will wait for him three days in Canal de Cella."

These were the words of the Cid, of him who in lucky hour was born. He went back to Murviedro, which he had captured. The message was cried, you may know, in every place. The Cid was so eager for the spoils that he wanted no delay. Many troops of good Christians joined him. His fame went resounding everywhere. More men came to the Cid, you may know, than went from him. The riches of the Cid of Vivar kept growing. When he saw the troops assembled he congratulated himself.

The Cid Don Rodrigo wanted no delay. He set out for Valencia and made ready to fall upon it. He besieged it well, so that there was no chance for ruse. He kept those of the city from going out or in. He allowed them a certain time to try to get someone to help them. For nine full months, you may know, he lay before the city. When the tenth month came they had to surrender.



Great was the rejoicing there, when the Cid took Valencia and went into the city. Those who were on foot got on horseback. Who could count the gold and silver? All who were there became rich. The Cid Don Rodrigo took the fifth part. Thirty thousand marks in coin fell to him, and who could count the other wealth? Joyful were the Campeador and all his vassals when his chief banner was placed on the top of the castle.

The Cid was resting with all his companies, when the news reached the King of Seville that Valencia was taken, since it had not been succored. He went to attack it with thirty thousand men-at-arms. The battle took place near the gardens. The Cid, he of the long beard, routed them. The pursuit lasted into Játiba. In the passage of the Júcar River you would have seen confusion: Moors struggling against the current, drinking water without wanting to. The King of Seville escaped with three blows. The Cid came back with all the booty. That of Valencia had been good when they took the town, but much better, you may know, was this victory: to even the least fell one hundred marks of silver apiece. See where the affairs of the Knight have got!

Great was the joy of all those Christians and of the Cid Ruy Díaz, he who in lucky hour was born. Already his beard was growing, and getting longer. The Cid had spoken thus with his mouth:

"For love of King Alfonso, who has driven me from the land, scissors shall not touch it nor cut one hair; and let Moors and Christians tell of this."

The Cid Don Rodrigo was resting in Valencia. With him was Alvar Fáñez, who bode always by his side. Those who had left their country for him were abounding in riches. To all of them he gave, in Valencia, houses and lands, with which they were content. The love of the Cid for them was proven. Those who had been with him at first and those who had come afterwards were all satisfied. The Cid saw that, with the riches they had won, they would gladly go away if they

could. So, he gave this command — it was Minaya who advised it: That any man of his who went away without taking leave of him and kissing his hand in farewell, should have his wealth taken from him and should be put upon the gibbet, if they could capture or overtake him.

All this was carefully arranged. The Cid took counsel with Minaya Alvar Fáñez:

" If you please, Minaya, I should like to know the number of those who are here and have gained something under me. I shall make a list of them — let them all be counted — so that if any steal away, or I find one missing, his property shall revert to those my vassals who guard Valencia, making the rounds outside."

Then Minaya said: " That is wise counsel."

The Cid ordered them all to assemble at the court. When everyone was there he had their number counted: three thousand and six hundred had the Cid of Vivar. He was glad at heart and began to smile:

" Thanks be to God, Minaya, and to Saint Mary Mother! We came out of Vivar with fewer than this. We have riches now, and we shall be getting more. If it please you, Minaya, and you are not unwilling, I will send you to Castile, where we have our lands, to King Alfonso, my rightful lord. Out of this my booty that we have won here, I want to give him one hundred horses — do you take them to him. Then kiss his hand for me and ask him earnestly to be so gracious as to let my wife and daughters be brought hither. I will send for them, and you, listen to the message: The wife of the Cid and his daughters and

heirs shall be brought in such wise that they will come with great honors to these foreign lands that we have been able to conquer."

Then said Minaya: "I will do this gladly."

After these words they began to get ready. The Cid gave Alvar Fáñez one hundred men to serve him on the way, and he ordered him to take one thousand silver marks to San Pedro and to give them to Don Sancho the Abbot.

While all were rejoicing at this news, a tonsured man came from the eastward. He was called Don Jerome the Bishop. He was very learned and wise. Whether on foot or horseback, he was powerful. He went asking about the brave deeds of the Cid, and longing to find himself with the Moors in the field: for if he had his fill of fighting and smiting with his hands, the Christians would not regret it all the days of the world. The Cid was glad when he heard that.

"Listen, Minaya Alvar Fáñez," he said. "By Him who is on high, since God wills to help us, let us give thanks to Him. I am going to found a bishopric in the land of Valencia and give it to this good Christian. When you go to Castile, you will bear good news."

Alvar Fáñez was pleased with what Don Rodrigo said. They made Don Jerome bishop on the spot, in Valencia, where he could indeed become rich. *Dios!* How all Christendom rejoiced, because there was a lord bishop in the land of Valencia. Minaya joyfully took his leave and departed.

Leaving the land of Valencia in peace, Minaya Alvar Fáñez set out for Castile. I will not tell of the places where he halted,

Minaya Alvar Fáñez Set Out for Castile

because I do not want to. He asked where he might find Alfonso. The King had gone to Sahagún just a little before. He had come back to Carrión, where he might be found. Minaya Alvar Fáñez was glad of that. He took himself thither with his gift.

King Alfonso had just heard Mass. Minaya Alvar Fáñez came up at the right moment. He knelt down before all the people, falling at the feet of King Alfonso with great sorrow. He kissed his hands and spoke fitting words:

"Your grace, Lord Alfonso, for the love of the Creator! The Cid, the Fighter, kisses your hands — your feet and your hands — as to a very good lord. May you have mercy on him, so help you the Creator! You drove him from the land; he has not your love. Though in a foreign country, he carries on well: he has conquered Jérica and Onda; he has taken Almenara and Murviedro, which is better; he did the same with Cebolla and, before that, with Castellón de la Plana and with Benicadell, which is a strong rock; with all that, he is lord of Valencia, where the good Campeador made a bishop with his own hand; and he fought five pitched battles and won them all. Great are the spoils which the Creator has given him. Here is the proof that I am telling you the truth: one hundred horses, tall and fleet. They are all equipped with saddles and bridles. The Cid kisses your hands and begs you to accept them. He declares himself your vassal and holds you his lord."

The King raised his right hand and crossed himself:

"For such proud spoils as the Campeador has won — so help me Saint Isidore — I am pleased from my heart. And I

am pleased with the great deeds that the Campeador is doing. I accept these horses that he sends me as a gift."

The King might be pleased, but García Ordóñez was wroth.

"It seems there are no men left living in the land of the Moors," he said, "since the Cid Campeador does whatever he likes there!"

The King said to the Count:

"Leave such speech, for in every way he serves me better than you do."

Minaya spoke then, as a baron should:

"The Cid asks your favor, if such is your pleasure, for his wife Doña Jimena and both his daughters: that they may come out of the monastery where he left them, and go to Valencia, to the good Campeador."

Then said the King:

"I shall be delighted to grant this. I will order provision for them as long as they are in my lands, and will have them protected from insult and harm and dishonor. When these ladies come to the end of my land you and the Campeador must look out for them.

"Listen to me, followers and all my court! I do not want the Campeador to lose anything. To all the vassals that call him lord I give back the fiefs that I took from them. Let them keep their lands, no matter where they may be with the Cid. I guarantee their bodies from harm and violence. I do this so that they may serve their lord."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez kissed Alfonso's hands. The King smiled, and spoke a fair speech:

" Those who wish to serve the Campeador have my permission. Let them go with the grace of the Creator. We shall gain more by this than by further enmity."

Then the Heirs of Carrión had speech together:

" The fame of the Cid Campeador is growing fast. We should do well to marry his daughters, as a help to our affairs. We should not dare propose this plan ourselves. The Cid is only from Vivar and we are Counts of Carrión."

They did not tell any one about this, and their speech stopped there.

Minaya Alvar Fáñez took his leave of the good King.

" Are you starting back already, Minaya? Go with the grace of the Creator! Take one of my chamberlains with you — I think you will find him useful. If the ladies go, too, see that they are served as they wish. Let whatever they need be given them, as far as Medinaceli. From there on the Campeador will have to look out for them."

Minaya took his leave and went from the court. The Heirs of Carrión bore him company:

" You act worthily in all things; do the same in this: take the Cid of Vivar our greetings, and tell him that we are for him as much as we can be. The Cid will lose nothing by being friendly to us."

Minaya answered:

" There is naught in this to worry me."

Minaya departed and the brothers went back. He made his way to San Pedro, where the ladies were. Great was their joy when they saw him coming. Minaya dismounted and went to

San Pedro's church to pray. When he had finished his prayer, he came back to the ladies:

"I bow to you, Doña Jimena. God keep you from harm! May He do the same for your two daughters! The Cid greets you from the place where he is. I left him well and very rich. The King in his mercy has given you leave to go with me to Valencia, which we hold as our land. If the Cid should see you well and unharmed, he would be all joyful, and would have nothing to worry about."

Said Doña Jimena: "May the Creator will it so!"

Minaya Alvar Fáñez sent three knights to the Cid, at Valencia, where he was:

"Tell the Campeador — God keep him from harm! — that the King has given his wife and daughters into my charge. He has ordered provisions to be allowed us as long as we are on his lands. A fortnight from now, if God keeps us from harm, we shall be in Valencia, his wife, his daughters, and I, and all the good ladies they have with them."

The knights set out. They would not forget the message. Minaya Alvar Fáñez stayed at San Pedro.

You would have seen knights coming from all sides. They wanted to go to Valencia, to the Cid of Vivar. They besought Alvar Fáñez to grant their wish. Minaya said:

"I shall be glad to do so."

Five and sixty knights joined him, and he already had a hundred that he had brought with him. A good company was forming to go with those ladies.

Minaya gave five hundred marks to the Abbot. I will tell

you what he did with the other five hundred: good Minaya got, for Doña Jimena and her daughters and the other ladies who served her, the best clothes that he could find in Burgos, besides palfreys and mules, so that they should make no mean display. After he had fitted out the ladies, good Minaya thought of starting back. But here come Raquel and Vidas, who fall at his feet:

" Your grace, Minaya, famous Knight! The Cid has ruined us, you may be sure, if he does not help us. We will not ask for the interest if he will only give us the principal."

" I will take that up with the Cid, if God brings me to him. You shall have a good reward for what you have done."

Said Raquel and Vidas:

" God grant it! If not, we shall leave Burgos and go to find him ourselves! "

Minaya Alvar Fáñez went back to San Pedro. Many men joined him, and he decided to start out. Great was the sorrow of the Abbot at the parting:

" May the Creator keep you, Minaya Alvar Fáñez! Kiss the hands of the Campeador for me. May he not forget this monastery! The Cid will ever gain in honor by helping it all the days of his life."

Minaya answered: " I shall be glad to do this."

They took their leave and rode away, with the King's chamberlain, who was to look out for them. Throughout the King's land their provisions were ample. They went from San Pedro to Medinaceli in five days. Here they are in Medinaceli, the ladies and Alvar Fáñez!

I will tell you of the knights who had taken the message. When the Cid of Vivar heard it he was glad at heart and rejoiced. He spoke with his mouth:

" He who sends a good messenger should expect such news. Thou, Muño Gustioz, and Pedro Vermúdez there, and Martín Antolínez, loyal man of Burgos, and Don Jerome the Bishop, famous priest: ride with one hundred men ready to fight in case of need. Go by Albarracín to Molina, which lies beyond. Abengalbón, with whom I have sworn peace, holds it. He will be glad to go with you with one hundred more. Ride towards Medinaceli as fast as you can. You will find there my wife and my daughters with Minaya Alvar Fáñez — so they tell me. Bring them before me with great pomp. I will stay in Valencia, which has cost me much. It would be madness for me to leave it. I shall stay in Valencia, for I hold it my own."

This said, they departed, and they did not stop, but rode as fast as they could. They passed Albarracín and spent the night at Bronchales, and the next night they lodged at Molina. Abengalbón the Moor, when he heard the news, went out to receive them with great joy:

" Are you come, vassals of my sworn friend? I am not sorry, know ye, but very much pleased! "

Spoke Muño Gustioz — he waited for no one:

" The Cid greets you, and commanded us to tell you this: that you should aid him at once with one hundred knights. His wife and daughters are in Medinaceli. Do you go to them and escort them here and not leave them until you reach Valencia."

Said Abengalbón:

" I shall be glad to do this."

That night he gave them ample provisions. In the morning they got ready to ride. They had asked him for one hundred men, but he went with two hundred. They crossed the forests of Luzón, which were wild and large. They passed over the plain of Taranz in such wise that no one was afraid. They went down the valley of Arbujuelo.

In Medinaceli every precaution was being taken. Seeing armed men coming down the valley, Minaya Alvar Fáñez sent two knights to find out who they were. The knights did not delay, for they were eager to know. One stayed with the visitors and the other went back to Alvar Fáñez with the news:

" The forces of the Campeador are coming to meet us. Lo! here are Pedro Vemúdez and Muño Gustioz, who love you without guile, and Martín Antolínez, the man in Burgos born, and the Bishop Don Jerome, the loyal priest, and the alcaid Abengalbón, with the forces that he leads, anxious to do honor to the Cid. They are coming all together, and will be here at any moment."

Then Minaya said: " Let us mount."

They did so at once, for they had no mind to linger. Full one hundred rode forth — no mean sight did they make, on good horses with housings of cendal and breast-pieces with bells, their shields hung over their shoulders and in their hands lances with pennons at the tip: that those others might know the good sense of Alvar Fáñez and in what manner he came out of Castile with those ladies whom he was bringing.

The ones who were reconnoitering and marching in front

now took their arms and began to do feats with them. Great was the rejoicing all round the Jalón River. When the rest came up they went to make their bow to Minaya. Abengalbón, as soon as he caught sight of Alvar Fáñez, smiled with his mouth and went to embrace him. He kissed him on the shoulder, for such was his custom as a Moor:

" A happy day you bring us, Minaya Alvar Fáñez! You are escorting these ladies, the wife of the Cid the Fighter, and his own daughters; whereby we shall be the greater. We shall all do honor to you; for such is the Cid's good luck that, even though we wished him ill, we should not be able to harm him. He shall have of ours in peace or in war. A man who does not recognize the truth I consider very stupid."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez smiled with his mouth:

" Well, Abengalbón, you are his friend without fail! If God brings me to the Cid and I find him living, you will lose nothing for what you have done. Let us go in, for supper is ready."

Said Abengalbón: " I am delighted with your courtesy. Before three days from now I will show you twice as much."

They went into Medinaceli, where Minaya played the host for them. They were all pleased with their welcome. The King's chamberlain paid for it. The Cid, in Valencia where he was, was honored by the great entertainment that was offered for him in Medinaceli. The King paid for everything and Minaya went scot free.

Night passed and morning came. They heard Mass and mounted. They left Medinaceli and crossed the Jalón River.

They spurred quickly up the valley of Arbujuelo. Then they went over the plain of Taranz. They came to Molina, which Abengalbón governed. The Bishop Don Jerome, a good Christian certainly, watched over the ladies night and day, his strong charger at his right hand, in front of the pack-animal that carried his arms. He and Alvar Fáñez rode together.

They went into Molina, a good and rich town. The Moor Abengalbón entertained them right well. There was no lack of everything they wanted. He commanded that even their horseshoes be paid for. *Dios!* How he honored Minaya and the ladies!

The next morning they rode on. Abengalbón was their host as far as Valencia. The Moor took nothing from them for this but spent his own money. With such delights and such noble doings, they got to within three leagues of Valencia. They sent word to the Cid — he who in lucky hour was born.

The Cid had never been more joyful than then — or so much so — for, lo, the message came from those whom he most loved. He ordered two hundred knights to go forth at once to meet Minaya and the noble ladies. He himself stayed in Valencia, watching and guarding it, for he knew well that Alvar Fáñez would take all needful care of his charges.

Now all those whom he had sent welcomed Minaya and the ladies and the girls and the rest of their companions. The Cid commanded those in his house to guard the fortress and the other high towers and all the gates, the ways out and in, and to bring him Babieca, his horse. He had won him not long before, and he who in a lucky hour girded on his sword did not know

yet whether the horse would be a swift runner or would have a good stop. At the gate of Valencia, where it was safe, the Cid wanted to show his skill at arms before his wife and daughters.

After the greeting of honor to the ladies outside the gates, Don Jerome the Bishop rode in ahead, left his horse and went to the chapel. With as many as possible, who had gotten ready beforehand — their surplices donned and with crosses of silver — he then went out to meet the ladies and good Minaya.

He who in lucky hour was born did not delay. They saddled Babieca for him and put on the housings. The Cid leapt upon him and took his arms of wood — his shield and his spear. He had donned a tabard and wore his beard long. He made a marvelous run. When he had finished his course they were all filled with wonder. Babieca was prized in all parts of Spain from that day forward. At the end of the run the Cid dismounted. He went to his wife and his two daughters. When Doña Jimena saw him she threw herself at his feet:

"Your grace, Campeador! In lucky hour you girded on your sword! You have taken me away from much evil humiliation. Here I am, Lord, with both your daughters. With God's help and yours they are good and well brought up."

He embraced the mother and the daughters. They wept from their eyes with the joy that they felt. All of his household were amusing themselves, doing feats of arms and tilting at the quintain, breaking down the targets with their spears. Hear what he said who in lucky hour was born:

"You, beloved and honored wife, and my two daughters —

my heart and my soul — come with me into Valencia the Town, into this heritage that I have won for you."

Mother and daughters kissed his hands. They entered Valencia with very great pomp. The Cid led them to the fortress. There he took them up to the highest part. Their beautiful eyes gazed all around. They looked at Valencia and made out how the city lay, and on the other side they had sight of the sea. They looked at the gardens, which were dense and wide. They raised their hands in prayer to God, thanking him for the Cid's gains, which were so good and great.

The Cid and his companies were quite content. The winter had gone and March was beginning. I will now give you news from the other side of the sea, of King Yúsuf, who ruled Morocco. The King of Morocco was annoyed by the Cid Don Rodrigo:

" He has invaded my lands, and has no one to thank for it except Jesus Christ."

The King of Morocco gathered his forces. With fifty times a thousand men-at-arms — all tried troops — he embarked upon the sea and went into his ships. They were going to attack the Cid Don Rodrigo in Valencia. The vessels came to land and the men disembarked. They reached Valencia, which the Cid had conquered. The infidels pitched their tents and made their camp. News of this came to the Cid.

" Thanks to the Creator, the Spiritual Father! All the wealth that I have is here before me: I won Valencia with labor and I hold it as mine; I cannot leave it for less than death. Thanks be to the Creator and to Saint Mary Mother that I have here my daughters and my wife! Delight has come to me from lands beyond the sea: I will arm myself, I cannot do otherwise; my daughters and my wife will watch me fight; they will see how dwellings are made in these foreign lands; they will see right well with their own eyes how bread is earned! "

He took his wife and his daughters up to the fortress. They lifted their eyes and saw the tents pitched.

" What is that, Cid — may the Creator save you! "

" How now, honored wife, be not troubled! It is riches, which grow for us, marvelous and great. You have but just come: they want to make you a present. Your daughters are old enough to marry: they are bringing you the dowry! "

" I thank you, Cid, and the Spiritual Father! "

" Wife, stay in this palace, in the fortress, if you wish. Have no fear because you see me fighting. With the mercy of God

and of Saint Mary Mother, my courage will grow because you are before me. With God's help I shall win this battle."

The tents were pitched, and dawn came. The Moors made haste to beat their drums. The Cid rejoiced and said:

"What a good day is today!"

His wife was afraid and she thought her heart would break. In the same plight were the ladies and her two daughters. From the day they were born they had never heard such rumbling. The good Cid Campeador took hold of his beard:

"Fear not, for all this will profit you: before a fortnight hence, if it please the Creator, we shall place those drums before you and you will see what they are like. They will then be given to the Bishop Don Jerome, to be hung in the Church of Santa María, Mother of the Creator!" This was a vow that the Campeador made.

The ladies were pleased and began to lose their fear. The Moors of Morocco rode swiftly. They went boldly into the gardens. The sentinel saw this and rang the bell. The companies of the Cid were ready. They armed themselves with gladness and rushed from the town. Wherever they met the Moors they attacked them forthwith. They drove them, fleeing in craven wise, from the gardens. They killed full five hundred on that day.

The pursuit lasted as far as the tents. The Christians had done well and started back. Alvar Salvadórez was taken prisoner there. Those who ate the Cid's bread returned to him. He had seen the rout with his eyes and they told him about it. The Cid was joyful for all they had done:

" Hear me, Knights, this is how it will be: today is a good day and tomorrow will be a better. Be ready armed, all of you, near dawn. The Bishop Don Jerome will give us absolution. He will say Mass for us. Then mount. We will strike in the name of the Creator and of the Apostle Saint James. It were better that we conquer them than that they take the harvest from us."

Then they all said:

" We shall be glad to do this."

Minaya spoke without delay: " Since you wish it thus, command something else of me. Give me one hundred and thirty knights equipped for fighting. When you go to the attack I will strike on the other side. God will aid us, either in both places or in one! "

Then the Cid said:

" I will do this gladly."

The day departed and night came. The Christian troops did not linger in getting ready. At the second cock-crow, before dawn, Don Jerome the Bishop sang Mass. Mass said, he gave them full absolution:

" From him who shall die here fighting, face forward, I take his sins, and God will have his soul. For you, Don Rodrigo — in lucky hour you girded on your sword — for you I sang Mass this morning. I ask a boon of you, pray do not refuse it: that I may be granted the first blows."

The Campeador said: " You may have your wish."

Armed, they all rode out by the towers of Valencia, the Cid telling his vassals what to do. They left men of great prudence

at the gates. The Cid sprang upon Babieca his steed. He was fully armed. They unfurled the banner and rushed from Valencia. They were four thousand less thirty, with the Cid at their head. They went with gladness to attack the fifty thousand. Alvar Alvarez and Minaya came up from the other side. It pleased the Creator that they should put the Moors to flight.

The Cid used his spear, and, when that was broken, he took sword in hand. He slew so many Moors that they could not be counted. The blood dripped down from his elbow. He had dealt three blows to King Yúsuf, when the King escaped from under his sword, for his horse was very swift, and got into Cullera, a noble castle. The Cid of Vivar, with others, his good vassals, who were following him, pursued the King that far. Then he who in lucky hour was born came back. He was very pleased with what they had captured. There he learned what Babieca was worth, from head to foot.

All that booty remained in his hands. They made a count of the fifty thousand Moors. Not more than a hundred and four escaped. The followers of the Cid pillaged the battlefield. What with gold and with silver, they found three thousand marks. The other spoils could not be counted. The Cid and all his vassals rejoiced, because God in his mercy had let them win the battle.

After they had thus routed the King of Morocco, Alvar Fáñez was left to make a complete count. With one hundred knights the Cid entered Valencia, his coif folded on his head, which was without the helmet and the hood of mail. Thus he rode in, on Babieca, sword in hand. The ladies, who were ex-

pecting him, welcomed him. The Cid stopped before them, drawing his horse's rein:

" I bow before you, Ladies; I have won you great renown: while you were holding Valencia, I conquered the field. God and all His saints wished this, since they have given us such spoils at your coming. Behold my sword bloody and my horse sweating: thus are Moors vanquished in the field. Pray to the Creator that I may live for some time — you will win renown and have vassals to kiss your hands."

The Cid said this, dismounting from his horse. When they saw him on foot, the ladies and his daughters and his noble wife fell on their knees before the Campeador:

" Do with us what you will, and may you live many years! "

Together with him they went into the palace, and they all sat down on rich benches.

" How now, wife, Doña Jimena, did you not ask this of me? I wish to marry to some of my vassals these ladies whom you have brought and who serve you so well. I will give each of them two hundred silver marks, that those in Castile may know who it is these ladies have served so well! Of your daughters we shall speak later on."

They all rose and kissed his hands. Great was the joy throughout the palace. The orders of the Cid were obeyed.

Minaya Alvar Fáñez was outside in the field, among all the troops, writing and counting. What with tents and arms and fine clothes, they found so much that it was a mighty store. But I will say what is greater: they could not tell the number of the horses wandering with their trappings, and no one to catch

them. The Moors of the country profited by that. In spite of all this, there fell to the famous Campeador one thousand horses in the division of the spoils. Since so many came to the Cid in his fifth, the others might well rest content. How many costly tents and carved tent poles the Cid and all his vassals won! The tent of the King of Morocco, the chief one of all, had two poles to support it, worked with gold — the Cid Ruy Díaz commanded that this tent should be left up and that no Christian should take it away.

" Such a tent as that, that has come from Morocco, I wish to send to Alfonso the Castilian, to make him believe what they say: that the Cid has something! "

They went into Valencia with all those riches. The Bishop Don Jerome, the tonsured chief, when he had had his fill of fighting with his two hands, did not know the number of the Moors he had slain. His share of the spoils was mighty. The Cid Don Rodrigo, he who in lucky hour was born, sent him the tenth of his own fifth.

The Christian troops made merry in Valencia because they had so much wealth, so many horses and arms. Happy were Doña Jimena and her two daughters, and all the other ladies, who held themselves as betrothed. The good Cid did not idle:

" Where are you, Chief? Come hither, Minaya. Do not give thanks for the part that is your share, but take whatever you wish of my fifth, and leave the rest. And tomorrow morning you will go with horses of this fifth that I have won, each with saddle and with bridle and with sword. For love of my wife

and my two daughters, because he sent them to me in such wise as to please them, these two hundred horses shall go as gifts to King Alfonso, that he may not speak ill of him who rules Valencia."

He ordered Pedro Vermúdez to go with Minaya. The next morning they mounted quickly. They took two hundred men in their company, bearing greetings to the King from the Cid, who kissed his hands with this message: The Cid was sending him a present of two hundred horses from that battle he had won, saying: " I shall serve King Alfonso as long as I live."

They left Valencia and rode on. They took so much of the spoils that they had to guard them well. They went day and night, crossing the mountains that cut off the other lands. They began to ask where King Alfonso was. They crossed mountains and forests and rivers. They reached Valladolid, where the King was biding. Pedro Vermúdez and Minaya sent him a message: to be ready to receive their company, for the Cid of Valencia was making him a present.

The King was joyful — you never saw the like. He commanded all his nobles to mount at once. There, among the first, the King rode forth, to learn the message from him who in lucky hour was born. The Heirs of Carrión, you may be sure, were of the company, and the Count Don García, the Cid's evil enemy. Some were pleased and others were not. They beheld the vassals of him who in lucky hour was born. They thought it was an army, not men just bearing a message! King Alfonso crossed himself.

Minaya and Pedro Vermúdez came into his presence. They

dismounted and fell on their knees before the King. They kissed the earth and both his feet:

" Your grace, King Alfonso, full of honor! We kiss you thus for the Cid Campeador. He calls you lord and holds himself your vassal. The Cid prizes greatly the honor you have done him. A few days ago, King, he won a battle. He put to flight the King of Morocco, Yúsuf by name, and fifty thousand men. Huge were the spoils he took. All his vassals have been made rich. He sends you two hundred horses and kisses your hands."

Said King Alfonso:

" I accept them with thanks. I am grateful to the Cid for sending me such a gift. And may I see the hour when he is repaid by me! "

Many were pleased by this and kissed his hands. But the Count Don García was grieved and sore wroth. With ten of his relatives he went to one side:

" Marvelous is this Cid the way his fame grows! By the honor that he wins we shall be demeaned. His conquering of kings so easily in the field, and bringing in horses as if he had found them dead: all these his deeds are going to work us harm."

King Alfonso spoke, and this is what he said:

" Thanks be to the Creator, and to my Lord Saint Isidore of León, for these two hundred horses that the Cid has sent me. For the rest of my reign he will be able to serve me better. You, Minaya Alvar Fáñez, and Pedro Vermúdez here, I will order you honorably waited on and richly clothed and fitted out with all the arms you wish — that you may make a noble appearance before Ruy Díaz the Cid. And I give you three horses — here,

take them. As it seems to me, and as my heart tells me, all these happenings are bound to come to good."

They kissed his hands and went into their lodgings for the night. The King commanded them to be well served with all they needed.

I will tell you of the Heirs of Carrión, who were laying their plans and talking together in secret:

" The fortunes of the Cid are marching ahead. Let us ask for his daughters in marriage. This will add to our honor and will profit us much."

They went to King Alfonso with this secret plan:

" We ask you a favor as our king and rightful lord. We beseech your help, that you ask the Campeador for his daughters for us. We wish to marry them, for their honor and our profit."

The King thought this over for a long hour:

" I exiled the good Campeador from the land, and, since I have done him ill and he has done me great good, I know not whether he will relish this marriage. But since you wish it, let us talk it over."

The King Don Alfonso now called Minaya Alvar Fáñez and Pedro Vermúdez. He led them aside into a room:

" Listen to me, Minaya, and you, Pedro Vermúdez. The Cid Campeador serves me. He deserves my pardon and he shall have it. If he wants to, let him come to parley with me. There are other happenings in my court: Diego and Fernando, the Heirs of Carrión, wish to marry his two daughters. Be good messengers and, I pray you, tell this to the worthy Campeador.

It will add to his honor and his fiefs to take for sons-in-law the Heirs of Carrión."

Minaya spoke, and it was pleasing to Pedro Vermúdez:

" We shall ask what you wish. Afterward, let the Cid do as he likes."

" Tell Ruy Díaz, he who in lucky hour was born, that I will go to meet him at any fitting spot. Let the trysting-place be wherever he says. I wish to favor the Cid in every way."

They took leave of the King, and then turned about. With all their men they rode toward Valencia. When the good Campeador learned of their coming, he straightway mounted and went out to meet them. The Cid smiled and embraced them eagerly:

" Are you come, Minaya, and you, Pedro Vermúdez? In few lands are there two such barons! What greetings sends Alfonso my Lord? Is he satisfied, and did he accept the gift? "

Said Minaya: " He is well content and he sends you his royal love."

Said the Cid: " Thanks be to the Creator! "

After that they began to talk of what Alfonso of León asked of the Cid: to give his daughters to the Heirs of Carrión, for this would bring him honor and increase his lands; and the King advised him warmly to do it. When the Cid, the good Campeador, heard that he thought it over for a long hour:

" I thank Christ my Lord for this. I was driven from the land and my fief was taken from me. I won what I have with great travail. I thank God that I have the King's grace and that he asks my daughters for the Heirs of Carrión. They are very

haughty and have favor at court. I should not care for this marriage; but, since he who is higher placed than we, advises it, let us consult about it privately, and may the God of Heaven counsel us for the best."

" Besides this, Alfonso said that he would come to see you where you like. He wishes to hold parley with you and take you back into his favor. After that you will settle things for the best."

Then said the Cid: " I am glad at heart for this."

Said Minaya: " Decide where you will hold this meeting."

" It would be no wonder if King Alfonso wanted us to go to seek him until we found him, to do him honor, as king of the country. But let his wish be ours: on the Tajo, which is a great river, let us hold the meeting, since my lord wishes it."

They wrote a letter. The Cid sealed it well, and sent it out by two knights. He said that he would do as the King wished.

They presented the letter to the honored King. When he saw it he was glad at heart:

" Greet the Cid for me — he who in lucky hour girded on his sword. Let the meeting be three weeks from now. If I am alive I shall go there without fail."

Forthwith they returned to the Cid. Both parties got ready for the meeting. Who ever saw in Castile so many mules of value and so many smooth-paced palfreys, and horses large and fleet; or so many fair pennons fixed on good lances, or so many shields with bosses of gold and of silver; or so many mantles and furred tunics and fine cendals of Alexandria? The King commanded ample supplies to be sent to the Tajo River, where the

meeting had been set. With the King were many good companies. The Heirs of Carrión were very joyful: they ran into debt for some things and paid for others. They believed that their wealth was already increasing, that they would have as much gold and silver as they wanted. The King Don Alfonso rode swiftly, with counts and governors and many followers. The Heirs of Carrión were at the head of great companies. With the King were vassals of León and of Galicia; countless, you may know, were the Castilians. They gave free rein to their horses and took their way toward the trysting-place.

In Valencia, the Cid Campeador was not idling, but was getting ready for the meeting. Many were the big mules and the seasoned palfreys; many the good arms and the swift chargers; many the fine cloaks and mantles and furred tunics. Great and small were dressed in colors. Minaya Alvar Fáñez and Pedro Vermúdez, Martín Muñoz and Martín Antolínez, the worthy man of Burgos; the Bishop Don Jerome, the best of tonsured ones; Alvar Alvarez and Alvar Salvadórez; Muño Gustioz, the noble knight; Galindo García of Aragon: these, and all others there, got ready to go with the Campeador.

The Campeador commanded Alvar Salvadórez and Galindo García of Aragon to guard Valencia with good will, and that all the rest should be in their keeping. The gates of the castle were not to be opened day or night. Within were his wife and his two daughters — whom he loved with heart and soul — and the other ladies who served their wishes. Like a good baron, he gave orders that none of them should go out until he returned.

They left Valencia and spurred forward. A great many chargers, large and swift, the Cid had won — they had not been given to him. Now he was riding to the meeting that he had arranged with the King.

The King Don Alfonso got there a day before the Cid. When the King's party saw the good Campeador coming, they went out to meet him with great pomp. As soon as he who in lucky hour was born caught sight of the King, he ordered all his men to stay behind, except those knights whom he loved in his heart. He dismounted with fifteen, as he that in lucky hour was born had planned. He got down on his hands and knees on the ground and took the grass of the field in his teeth, weeping with his eyes, so great was his joy. In this way he humbled himself before Alfonso his Lord. Thus did he fall at his feet. This did not please King Alfonso at all:

"Rise up, O Cid Campeador! Kiss my hands, not my feet. Unless you do so, you will not win my love."

The Campeador stayed on his knees:

"I ask your grace, my rightful Lord. To me in this posture grant your love, so that all who are here may catch your words."

Said the King:

"I will do this with all my heart. Here in this spot I pardon you and give you my love, and welcome you into my kingdom henceforth, from today."

The Cid spoke and this is what he said:

"Thanks! I accept your pardon, Alfonso my Lord! I thank first the God of Heaven for it, and then you and those followers who are standing around you."

Kneeling, he kissed the King's hands. He rose to his feet and kissed him on the mouth. Everyone was pleased — except Alvar Díaz and García Ordóñez, who were ill content.

The Cid spoke and uttered these words:

" I thank the Creator for this: that I have the grace of Alfonso my Lord. God will protect me day and night. Be my guest, if it please you, Lord."

Said the King:

" That would not be fitting today, for you have just arrived and we came yesterday. You shall be my guest, Cid Campeador, and tomorrow we shall do as you wish."

The Cid kissed his hand and granted what he asked. Then the Heirs of Carrión bowed before him:

" We salute you, Cid — in lucky hour were you born! In every way we can we shall stand by you."

The Cid answered:

" May the Creator will it so! "

The Cid Ruy Díaz, who in lucky hour was born, was the guest of the King on that day. Alfonso could not have enough of him, so warmly did he love him. He sat looking at the Cid's beard, which had grown so fast. All who were there were marveling at the Cid.

That day passed and night came. The next morning the sun shone forth brightly. The Campeador ordered food to be prepared for all who were there. The Cid Campeador pleased them so well that they were very happy, and agreed on one point: that they had not eaten better for three years past!

The day after that, when the sun came up, the Bishop Don

Jerome sang Mass. After Mass they all assembled. The King spoke without delay:

" Hear me, Vassals, Counts and Lords! I wish to make a proposal to the Cid Campeador. May Christ will that it be for his good! Cid, I ask for your daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, as brides for the Heirs of Carrión. The marriage seems to me honorable and very worth while. They ask them of you and it is my will that you consent. On the one side and the other, let all those who are here, mine and yours, be sponsors. Give your daughters to us, Cid, and may the Creator keep you! "

" I really have no daughters to marry," answered the Campeador, " for they have no great age but are very young. The Heirs of Carrión are high placed. They are suited to my daughters and even to better matches. I am their father and you their foster father. I and they are at your disposition. I place them in your hands — Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. Give them to whom you please, and I shall be content."

" Thanks," said the King, " to you and to all this court."

Then the Heirs of Carrión arose. They went to kiss the hands of him who in lucky hour was born, and they exchanged swords with him before the King Don Alfonso.

The King Don Alfonso spoke as a good lord should:

" Thanks to you, good Cid, but first to the Creator, for giving me your daughters for the Heirs of Carrión. From now on I take them into my hands — Doña Elvira and Doña Sol — and I give them as brides to the Heirs of Carrión. I marry them, your daughters, with your good pleasure. May it please the Creator that you have joy therein! Here are the Heirs of Carrión in

your hands. Let them go with you, for I am returning now. I give them three hundred marks of silver for their expenses, to use for the weddings, or in any way you wish. When the brothers are in your keeping in Valencia the Great, sons-in-law and daughters will all be your children. Do what you please with them, Campeador."

The Cid received them. He kissed the King's hands:

" I thank you much for this, as my King and Lord! It is you who are giving my daughters in marriage, not I."

It was agreed that at sunrise the next morning everyone should go back whence he had come. Then the Cid Campeador made himself talked about: many a great mule and many a seasoned palfrey, many a fine and costly garment did the Cid give to all who would take his gifts. Each one had what he asked for, and no one said him nay. The Cid gave sixty of his horses as gifts. All who were there were pleased with the meeting. Then they separated, for night had come.

The King took the Heirs of Carrión by the hand. He placed them in the care of the Cid Campeador:

" These are your sons, since they are your sons-in-law. From today it is for you to decide what to do with them, Campeador."

" I thank you, King, and I accept your gift. May God, who is in Heaven, give you good reward for this! I ask a boon of you, my rightful King: since you are marrying my daughters, in such wise as pleases you, name someone in place of you to whom I may give them; for you are taking them over. I will not give them in marriage with my own hand, nor will they have that cause for joy."

The King answered:

" Here is Alvar Fáñez: do you take them into your hands and give them to the Heirs of Carrión — just as I do now, as if I were there. Act in their father's stead all through the wedding ceremony. When you come back to me, tell me truly what happened."

Said Alvar Fáñez: " Lord, I am pleased to do this."

Everything was arranged, you may know, with great forethought.

" Now, King Don Alfonso, my very honored Lord," said the Cid, " pray accept something from me as a token of this meeting we have had: I bring you thirty palfreys, well caparisoned, and thirty swift chargers, well saddled. Accept this gift. I kiss your hands."

Said Don Alfonso the King:

" You embarrass me greatly. But I accept this gift that you have brought me. May it please the Creator, and all His saints, that you be well rewarded for this pleasure that you give me. Cid Ruy Díaz, you have done me great honor. I am well served by you, and I deem myself content. May you yet, if I live, have something from me! I go from this meeting, commending you to God. Lo! may the God of Heaven speed this well! "

The Cid sprang upon his horse Babieca:

" I say here, before my Lord King Alfonso, that, whoever wants to be at the wedding, or receive my gift, let him come with me now. I think he will find it for his own good."

Then the Cid took his leave of his Lord Alfonso. He did not want the King to escort him, so he left at once. You would

have seen knights, well-appointed ones, kissing King Alfonso's hands in farewell:

" Pray show us your favor and give us leave to ride under the Cid's guidance to Valencia the Great. We shall go to the wedding of the Heirs of Carrión and the daughters of the Cid, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol."

This was pleasing to the King, and he gave them all leave to

go. The Cid's company grew larger; that of the King, smaller. Great were the numbers that went with the Cid.

They set out for Valencia, in a lucky moment won. The Cid commanded Pedro Vermúdez and Muño Gustioz — in his household there were no two better — to watch Fernando and Diego, that they might learn the ways of the Heirs of Carrión. There also went Asur González, an elder brother, a noisy fellow and a tongue-wagger, but not so able in other things. Great honor was done to the Heirs of Carrión.

Lo, they are at Valencia, which the Cid had won! When they drew in sight of it they all rejoiced. Said the Cid to Don Pedro and to Muño Gustioz:

"Take the Heirs of Carrión to their lodgings, and do you stay with them, for that is my wish. When morning comes and the sun is up, they shall see their brides, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol."

That night they all went to their lodgings. The Cid Campeador entered the castle. Doña Jimena and both her daughters welcomed him:

"Are you come, Campeador? In lucky hour you girded on your sword! May we see you for many days with the eyes of our faces!"

"I come, honored wife, thanks to the Creator! I bring you sons-in-law from whom we shall have honor. Thank me, my daughters, for I have married you well!"

His wife and his daughters kissed his hands, and so did all the ladies who served them:

"Thanks be to the Creator, and to you, Cid, Beautiful Beard!

All that you do is good. Your daughters will not be poor all the days of your life! "

" When you marry us we shall indeed be rich."

" Wife, Doña Jimena, thanks be to the Creator! I tell you, my daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, we shall increase in honor by this marriage. But you must know the truth: it is not I who proposed it. My Lord Don Alfonso begged me for you, asking so insistently and warmly that I knew not how to say him nay in anything. I placed you both in his hands, daughters. You may indeed believe me: it is he who is marrying you, and not I."

Then they began to get the palace ready. They covered the floor and hung the walls with carpets, all of purple and samite and costly fabrics. You would have liked to sit down and to eat in the palace. All the Cid's knights had gathered quickly.

Then they sent for the Heirs of Carrión, who mounted and set out for the palace, dressed in fine clothes and very richly decked out. On foot and properly, *Dios,* how meekly they went in! The Cid received them, with all his vassals. They bowed before him and his wife, and went to sit on a costly bench. All those of the Cid were very prudent: they were watching with attention him who in lucky hour was born.

The Campeador rose to his feet:

" Since we have to do it, why do we delay? Come hither, Alvar Fáñez, whom I cherish and love! Here are my two daughters, I place them in your hands. You know that I have the King's command for this. I do not wish to fail in anything to which I have agreed. With your hand give them to the Heirs

of Carrión. Let them receive the benediction, and let us finish this."

Then said Minaya: " I shall do so gladly."

The daughters rose and the Cid gave them into Minaya's charge.

To the Heirs of Carrión Minaya said:

" Here you stand before Minaya. You are brothers. In the name of King Alfonso, who commanded me to do it, I give you these ladies — both of noble birth — for you to take to wife in honorable and legal marriage."

They received their brides with gladness and went to kiss the hands of the Cid and of his wife. When they had done this they left the palace, taking their way to Santa María. The Bishop Don Jerome put on his vestments very quickly. He was waiting for them at the door of the church. He gave them the benediction and sang the Mass.

On leaving the church, they rode swiftly out to the beach of Valencia. *Dios!* How well the Cid and his vassals showed their skill at arms! Three times did he who in lucky hour was born change horses. The Cid was much pleased with what he saw: the Heirs of Carrión rode well. They went back to Valencia with the ladies. Rich was the marriage feast in the noble castle. The next day the Cid had seven quintains set up. Before coming in to dinner they broke them all to pieces.

They stayed at the wedding a full fortnight. Towards the end of that time the nobles began to go. The Cid Don Rodrigo, he who in lucky hour was born, what with palfreys and mules and swift chargers, of beasts alone gave away a hundred; mantles

and furred tunics and other garments abounded; while countless was the moneyed wealth bestowed. The vassals of the Cid had agreed that each one should make gifts for himself. Whoever wished to take something was well satisfied. Those who had come to the wedding went back to Castile rich. The guests were beginning to go. They took leave of Ruy Díaz, who in lucky hour was born, of all the ladies and of the noblemen. They went away content with the Cid and his vassals, speaking well of their hosts, for that was only fitting. Diego and Fernando, the sons of the Count Don Gonzalo, were very happy.

The guests reached Castile. The Cid and his sons-in-law stayed in Valencia. The Heirs of Carrión dwelt there very nearly two years, and the love that was shown them was very great. Joyful was the Cid, and so were all his vassals. May it please Saint Mary and the Holy Father that the Cid be content with this marriage — as also he who had proposed it!

Here is the end of this part of my tale. May the Creator, with all His saints, protect you!

III

The Insult at Corpes

THE CID was in Valencia with all his men. His two sons-in-law, the Heirs of Carrión, were with him. The Campeador was lying asleep on a bench. An evil surprise, you may know, befell them: the lion broke loose from his cage. They were in great terror in the middle of the hall. The Campeador's followers threw their cloaks over their arms and took their stand round the bench above their lord. Fernando González saw no place to hide in, no open room or tower. He got under the bench, so afraid was he. Diego González went out by the door, saying with his mouth:

" I shall never see Carrión! "

He hid in great fear behind the beam of a wine-press. His mantle and his tunic got all stained in the vat.

Meanwhile he who in lucky hour was born, awoke. He saw the bench encircled by his good barons:

" What is this, Vassals? What do you want? "

" O honored Lord, the lion has given us a scare! "

The Cid leaned on his elbow and rose to his feet. With his cloak on his shoulders he started toward the lion. The beast was

humbled at sight of the Campeador. He bowed his head before the Cid and held his muzzle down. The Cid Don Rodrigo took hold of his neck, and led him back and put him into his cage. All who were there marveled at this. They went back through the palace to the hall.

The Cid asked for his sons-in-law, but did not find them. Though they called them, neither answered. When they did discover them they were very pale. You never heard such laughter as spread through the court. The Cid Campeador forbade his courtiers to joke about it. The Heirs of Carrión felt very much insulted. They were sore aggrieved by what had befallen them.

While they were being annoyed with these things, forces from Morocco came to besiege Valencia. Fifty thousand chief tents were pitched. This was the army of King Búcar — you may have heard tell of him — the brother of King Yúsuf.

The Cid and all his barons were joyful that their spoils were thus increasing, thanks to the Creator! But the Heirs of Carrión, you may know, were sick at heart, for they did not like the sight of so many Moorish tents. The two brothers went aside:

" In marrying the daughters of the Cid we looked only to our gain, not to our loss. Now we must go into this battle. It is sure to keep us from seeing Carrión! The daughters of the Campeador will be left widows."

Muño Gustioz heard this secret speech. He went and told the Cid Campeador:

" Behold your brave sons-in-law filled with fear! Because they must do battle they long for Carrión. Go and comfort

them — and may the Creator keep you: let them stay behind in peace and not take part in the fight. With you we shall conquer, and the Creator will help us."

The Cid Don Rodrigo went out smiling:

" God save you, sons-in-law, Heirs of Carrión, you who hold in your arms my daughters, bright as the sun! I long for battles, and you, for Carrión. Amuse yourselves in Valencia to your hearts' content, for I know how to deal with these Moors. I dare to rout them, with the grace of the Creator."

While they were speaking together thus, King Búcar sent to the Cid to tell him to leave Valencia to him, the King, and to go away in peace. If the Cid would not do this he should pay him for all he had done there. The Cid said to the messenger:

" Go and tell Búcar, that son of an enemy, that before three days from now I will give him what he asks."

The next day the Cid commanded all his men to arm, and went out against the Moors. The Heirs of Carrión asked him for the first blows, and after the Cid had drawn up his lines, Don Fernando advanced to attack a Moor, who was called Aladraf. As for the Moor, when he saw him, he went against him; but the Heir of Carrión, seized with fear, turned his horse's head and fled, for he dared not await him alone. Pedro Vermúdez, who was riding near Fernando, saw this, and attacked the Moor and fought with him and slew him. Then he took the Moor's horse and went after the fleeing Heir of Carrión. He said:

" Don Fernando, take this horse and tell everyone that you slew the Moor to whom it belonged, and I will bear you out in this."

The Heir of Carrión said to him:

" Don Pedro Vermúdez, I am very grateful for what you say. May I see the hour when I can reward you twice as much! "

They went back together. Don Pedro thus allowed Fernando to get the glory. The Cid was pleased, and so were all his vassals:

" If God so wills — the Father who is on high — both my sons-in-law will yet be good in battle."

While they were speaking thus, the two armies were drawing together, the drums sounding in the host of the Moors. Many of the Christians marveled at the noise, for they were newly come and had never heard Moorish drums. More astonished than they, were Diego and Fernando. If they had had their way they would not have come there. Hear what he said who in lucky hour was born:

" Hola! Pedro Vermúdez, my dear nephew! Look after Diego for me, and look after Don Fernando — my two sons-in-law, whom I love much — for, with God's help, we are not going to let the Moors stay in the field."

" I tell you, Cid, in all charity, that the Heirs of Carrión will not have me for guardian today. Let who will look after them, they are little to me. I, with my men, want to strike in the vanguard. Do you with yours stand firm in the rear. In case of danger you will be ready to come to my aid."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez came up at that moment:

" Harken, O Cid, loyal Campeador! God will fight this battle, and you, so worthy, who are in favor with him. Command us to attack from whatever side seems best to you. Each

man must pay the debt that he owes. We shall see this come to pass, with God's help, and with your good luck."

Said the Cid: " Let us wait."

Behold Don Jerome the Bishop, very well armed! He came before the Campeador, who always had good luck:

" Today I said the Mass of the Holy Trinity for you. I left

my country and came to find you because of the desire I had to slay a Moor. I wanted to honor my Order and my hands, and I ask you to let me strike the first blows. I carry a banner with croziers on it and arms with blazons. If it should please God, I should like to essay them, that my heart might be glad and you, Cid, be more content with me. If you do not do me this favor I wish to leave you."

Then the Cid said:

" What you ask pleases me. There are the Moors before us. Go and try their mettle. We shall watch from here how the priest fights! "

The Bishop Don Jerome dug in his spurs and rode to the attack at the end of the camp. Through his luck and God, who loved him, he slew two Moors with his first blows. He broke the shaft of his lance and took his sword in his hand. The Bishop was putting himself to the test — *Dios!* How well he fought! He slew two with his lance and five with his sword. The Moors were there in numbers; they surrounded him on every side. They dealt him great blows, but they did not break his armor.

He who in lucky hour was born had his eyes fixed upon Don Jerome. The Cid grasped his shield and couched his lance. He spurred Babieca, his swift-running horse. He went eagerly to smite them. The Campeador broke into the front ranks. He struck down seven Moors and slew four. It pleased God to give him the victory. The Cid and his men started in pursuit. You would have seen many a tent-rope broken, and many a stake pulled up and pole with its carvings thrown down.

It Pleased God To Give Him the Victory

The Cid's men drove those of Búcar from their tents, and went in pursuit of them. Many a mailed arm you would have seen fall off; many a head with its helmet tossed to the ground; horses without riders running in all directions. The pursuit lasted seven whole miles.

The Cid rode in pursuit of King Búcar:

" Turn this way, Búcar! You have come from beyond the sea! You will find yourself with the Cid, with him of the great beard. We shall kiss each other and swear friendship! "

Búcar answered the Cid:

" God confound such a friendship! You hold your sword in your hand and I see your spurring. Methinks you want to test your brand on me. But if my horse does not stumble or fall, you will not join me unless in the sea."

Then the Cid answered:

" That will not be true."

Búcar had a good horse that made mighty leaps. But Babieca, the Cid's horse, kept gaining on him. The Cid overtook Búcar at three fathoms from the sea. He raised up *Colada* and dealt the King a great blow. He struck the carbuncles off the helmet. Then he cut through the helmet and, cleaving all the rest, brought his sword down as far as the waist. He slew Búcar, the King from beyond the sea, and won his sword *Tizón,* which was worth a thousand gold marks. He gained the victory, marvelous and great. The Cid acquitted himself with honor there, and all who were with him did likewise.

They came back with the spoils. You may be sure they ravaged the field completely. They had reached the tents with

him who in lucky hour was born. The Cid Ruy Díaz, the Campeador renowned, with two swords which he prized not a little, came riding swiftly across the field of slaughter, his hood of mail undone, his coif folded over his hair. His vassals were coming up from all sides. The Cid beheld something which pleased him: he raised his eyes and looked in front of him, and saw coming toward him Diego and Fernando, the sons of the Count Don Gonzalo. The Cid rejoiced, smiling a fair smile:

" Are you come, my sons-in-law? You are my sons; I know now that you both like to fight. Good news of you will go to Carrión — of how we have routed King Búcar. As I trust in God and in all his saints, we shall be content with this victory."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez had now arrived. His shield hung from his shoulder. It was dented by sword-strokes, while the lance-marks were without number. The Moors who had dealt those blows had got no good of them. The blood was dripping down from his elbow. He had slain over twenty Moors.

" Thanks be to God, the Father who is on high, and to you, Cid, who in lucky hour were born! You have slain Búcar and we have won the field. All these goods belong to you and to your vassals. And your sons-in-law have proven themselves here, have sated themselves with fighting against the Moors in the field! "

Said the Cid:

" That pleases me. Since they are now good fighters, they will be well thought of henceforth."

The Cid said this in earnest, but they took it for a jest.

All the spoils had been brought to Valencia. The Cid and

his vassals were joyful, for in each share were six hundred silver marks. The Cid's sons-in-law, when they received their part of the booty from that victory, and had it in their hands, thought that they would never in their lives be in want. Those in Valencia were very well provided for — with the best of food, with good furred tunics and mantles. The Cid and all his vassals were joyful. It was a great day for the court of the Campeador, after they had won the battle and he had slain King Búcar. The Cid raised his hand and took hold of his beard:

" Thanks be to Christ, who is Lord of the world, since I have seen what I wished for: my sons-in-law have both fought with me in the field! Good reports of them will go to Carrión: how they are honored and will be worth much to us."

Immense was the booty they had all won. Part of it was their own; the rest they kept under guard. The Cid, he who in lucky hour was born, commanded that they should all have their rightful share from this battle they had won, and that his own fifth should not be forgotten. They all did as he said, for they were wise. Six hundred horses fell to the Cid, in his fifth, and beasts of burden and camels in such numbers that they could not be counted. The Campeador won all that booty.

" Thanks be to God, who is Lord of the World! I was poor before. Now I am rich, for I have wealth and land and gold and fiefs, and my sons-in-law are Heirs of Carrión! I win battles as it pleases the Creator. Moors and Christians have great fear of me. Yonder in Morocco, where the mosques are, they are afraid they will be attacked by me, perhaps, some night — but I do not think of it. I shall not go after them, I shall stay in

Valencia. With the aid of the Creator they shall give me tribute which they shall pay to me or to whomsoever I wish."

In Valencia, with the Cid Campeador, great was the rejoicing of all his companies and of all his vassals at that victory for which they had fought so eagerly! Great was the joy of his two sons-in-law. They had each gained five thousand marks. The Heirs of Carrión thought themselves very rich. They went to the court with the others. There was the Cid, with the Bishop Don Jerome, the good Alvar Fáñez — the battling knight — and many others whom the Campeador had nurtured. When the Heirs of Carrión came in, Minaya received them for the Cid Campeador:

" Come hither, Cousins, for you add to our honor."

The Campeador was pleased at their coming:

" Sons-in-law, here are my noble wife and my two daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. Let them embrace you and serve you lovingly. Thanks be to Saint Mary, Mother of Our Lord God! From these marriages of yours you will win honor. Good reports will go to the lands of Carrión."

At these words Fernando González spoke:

" Thanks to the Creator and to you, honored Cid, we have so much wealth that it cannot be counted. Through you we have won honor and have fought. We have vanquished the Moors in the field and slain King Búcar, a proven traitor. Think of other matters, for we have our affairs in surety.

The vassals of the Cid were smiling; for, whosoever may have fought well or pursued the enemy, Diego or Fernando were not of that number. Because of the jokes that the vassals

kept making, day and night, sorely mocking them, the two Heirs of Carrión made an evil plan. They went aside to talk together — truly they were brothers. Let us have no part in their plotting.

"Let us go to Carrión. We are staying here too long. Our wealth is now enormous. We cannot spend it as long as we live. Let us ask the Cid Campeador for our wives, saying that we want to take them to the lands of Carrión, to show them their heritages. We shall get them away from Valencia, out of the power of the Campeador. Then, on the way, we shall do what we like with them, before they reproach us for what happened about the lion. We are by birth Counts of Carrión. We shall take away riches that are worth a great deal. We shall mock the daughters of the Campeador."

"With this wealth we shall always be rich men, and powerful. We can marry daughters of kings or of emperors, for by birth we are Counts of Carrión. Thus will we mock the daughters of the Campeador before they reproach us for what happened about the lion."

They went back with this plan made. Fernando González bade the court keep silence, and said:

"May the Creator protect you, Cid Campeador! May it please Doña Jimena and, first, you; and Minaya Alvar Fáñez and all who are here: to give us our wives whom we have in lawful marriage, to take them to our lands of Carrión. We shall place in their hands the dowry-towns which we gave them as fiefs. Your daughters will see what we have, in what the sons that may be born to us will share."

Said the Campeador:

"I will give you my daughters and some of my wealth." The Cid did not suspect the insult they were planning. "You gave them towns in the lands of Carrión for a dowry. I wish to give them for mine three thousand silver marks. To you I wish to give mules and palfreys, tall and tried; chargers strong and swift; and many garments of stuff and of cloth-of-gold. I want to give you two swords, *Colada* and *Tizón*. Well do ye know I won them as a baron should. You are both my sons, since I give you my daughters. You are taking away the sheafs of my heart. May those in Galicia and in Castile and in León know with what riches I send away my two sons-in-law! Serve my daughters loyally, for they are your wives. If you serve them well, I shall give you good guerdon."

The Heirs of Carrión agreed to that. Then they received the daughters of the Campeador and began to take what the Cid had given them. When they had all that they wanted, the Heirs of Carrión ordered it to be loaded. Great was the hubbub in Valencia the Great. Everyone took his arms and mounted in haste to see the daughters of the Cid off to the lands of Carrión.

Now they were about to start and were saying good-bye. The two sisters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, fell on their knees before the Cid Campeador:

"We ask your grace, Father, and may the Creator protect you! You begot us, our mother bore us. You are both before us, Lady and Lord. Now you are sending us to the lands of Carrión. It is our duty to do what you command. But we both beseech you to send news of yourselves to the lands of Carrión."

The Cid embraced and kissed them both. He did that, and their mother did it twice:

"Go hence, daughters — may the Creator protect you! You have indeed my grace and your father's. Go to Carrión, where you are heiresses. I have, I believe, married you well."

They kissed the hands of their father and their mother, who both blessed them and gave them their grace.

The Cid and the others set out in garments of state, with horses and arms. The Heirs of Carrión rode forth from Valencia the Bright, bidding farewell to the ladies and to all their train. Through the gardens of Valencia they went out flourishing their weapons. The Cid and all his companies rode joyfully.

He who in lucky hour girded on his sword saw by the omens that those marriages would not be without some stain. He could not withdraw now, for he had married them both.

"Where art thou, my nephew — thou, Félix Muñoz? Thou

art the devoted cousin of my two daughters. I command thee to go with them as far as Carrión. Thou wilt see the heritages that are given to my daughters, and come back with news of them to the Campeador."

Said Félix Muñoz: " I shall do this gladly."

Minaya Alvar Fáñez came before the Cid:

" Let us go back, Cid, to Valencia the Great; for, if it please God, the Father and Creator, we shall visit them in the lands of Carrión."

Said the Cid: " We commend you to God, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. Do such things as shall cause us pleasure."

His sons-in-law answered: " God grant it be so! "

Great was the grief at their departure. Father and daughters wept from their hearts. So did the knights of the Campeador.

" Harken, nephew, thou, Félix Muñoz! You will go by Molina, where you will spend one night. Greet my friend, the Moor Abengalbón. Ask him to receive my sons-in-law to the best of his power. Tell him that I am sending my daughters to the lands of Carrión. Let him serve them as they wish with whatever they need, and escort them as far as Medinaceli for love of me. I will give him good guerdon for all that he does."

As the nail from the flesh, the Cid parted from his daughters. Then he who in lucky hour was born went back to Valencia. The Heirs of Carrión rode on their way. They halted that night by Santa María de Albarracín. The Heirs of Carrión spurred on from there as fast as they could. They reached Molina and the Moor Abengalbón. The Moor, when he learned of their coming, was heartily pleased. With great rejoicing he went out

to welcome them. *Dios!* How well he served them to their hearts' content!

He rode on with them the next morning, and had them escorted by two hundred knights. They crossed the forest called Luzón and the valley of Arbujuelo, and came to the Jalón River. They spent the night at a place called Ansarera.

The Moor gave gifts to the daughters of the Cid, and a good horse to each of the Heirs of Carrión. He did all that for love of the Cid Campeador. When they saw the wealth that the Moor brought forth, the two brothers made a treacherous plan:

"Now that we are going to desert the daughters of the Campeador, if we could slay the Moor Abengalbón, we should have all his riches. We should hold them as safely as those of Carrión, and the Cid Campeador would never have satisfaction of us."

While those of Carrión were plotting this perfidy, a Moor who understood their language overheard everything. He did not keep the secret but told it to Abengalbón:

"Alcaid, look out for these men — for thou art my lord. I heard the Heirs of Carrión plotting thy death."

The Moor Abengalbón was very valiant. He mounted with his two hundred men. He went brandishing his weapons until he came before the Heirs of Carrión. The Heirs were not pleased with what he said to them:

"Tell me, what have I done to you, Heirs of Carrión? While I was serving you loyally you plotted my death. Were it not for the Cid of Vivar, I would do such a thing to you as should resound through the world, and then I would take back

his daughters to the loyal Campeador. You would never more enter Carrión. I leave you here as wicked men and traitors. With your permission, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, I take my leave. Little do I prize the fame of those of Carrión. God grant — He who is Lord of all the world — that the Campeador have joy of this marriage! "

After he had said this the Moor turned about, and rode back, flourishing his weapons at the crossing of the Jalón. He returned to Molina, as a man of good sense.

Then the Heirs of Carrión left Ansarera. They began to ride day and night. On their left they passed Atienza, a very strong rock. Then they crossed the ridge of Miedes. They spurred over the Montes Claros. To the left was Griza, a town founded by Alamos. There are the caves where he shut up Elpha. Far to the right they left San Esteban. The Heirs of Carrión went into the Oak-Wood of Corpes.

The trees of the forest were high, their branches touched the clouds, and wild beasts roamed around there. They found a glade with a clear spring. The Heirs of Carrión commanded their tent to be pitched. They spent that night there with all their followers. With their wives in their arms they showed them their love. Ill did they fulfill it when the sun rose!

They ordered the pack-animals laden with their great wealth. They folded the tent where they had slept that night. Their followers went on ahead; for thus had the Heirs of Carrión commanded, so that no one — either man or woman — except their two wives, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, might be with them. They wanted to amuse themselves with their wives

And Wild Beasts Roamed There

to their hearts' content. Everyone had gone on; those four were there alone. The Heirs of Carrión had plotted an evil plan:

" You may believe truly, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, that you will be made sport of here in this wild forest. We shall go away today and leave you here. You will have no share in the lands of Carrión. This news will go to the Cid Campeador. In this way we shall be avenged for the adventure of the lion."

Then they stripped off their wives' mantles and furred robes, and left them naked except for chemises and silk tunics. The wicked traitors had put on their spurs. In their hands they took the girths of their saddles, strong and hard. When the ladies saw this, Doña Sol spoke:

" In God's name we beg you, Don Diego and Don Fernando — you have two swords, strong and sharp, one called *Colada* and the other *Tizón* — cut off our heads. We shall be martyrs, and Moors and Christians will alike say of this that we are not being treated as we deserve. Do not commit such evil deeds upon us. If you beat us you will be dishonoring yourselves. You will be summoned for it to the court of arbitration or to the King's court."

What the ladies asked was of no avail. The Heirs of Carrión began to beat them. With the buckles of the girths they struck them cruelly. With their sharp spurs they hurt them, tearing the chemises and the flesh of both. Clear gushed forth the blood over their silken tunics, until they felt their hearts pierced. What good fortune it would have been, had it pleased the Creator, if at that moment the Cid Campeador had appeared!

They beat the ladies until they were fainting, their chemises

and tunics all stained with blood. The two Heirs of Carrión were worn out with striking, with trying who could give the better blows. Now Doña Elvira and Doña Sol could not speak. They were left for dead in the Oak-Wood of Corpes.

The brothers took from them their mantles and their ermine robes, and left them, unconscious, to the birds of the forest and the wild beasts. They left them for dead, you may know, and not for living. What good fortune it would have been if at that moment the Cid Campeador had appeared!

The Heirs of Carrión left them for dead in the Oak-Wood of Corpes so that the one could not succor the other. Through the woods where they were riding, the brothers went bragging:

" We are avenged now for our marriages. They were not our equals to be our wives. The dishonor of the lion will now be avenged."

The Heirs of Carrión went bragging. But I will tell you of Félix Muñoz, the nephew of the Cid Campeador. They had ordered him to go on ahead, but this was not to his liking. His heart was heavy as he rode along. He went apart from all the others. Félix Muñoz stopped in a thick wood where he might see his two cousins passing, or discover what the Heirs of Carrión had been doing. He saw the brothers coming and overheard what they were saying. They did not see him, nor did they suspect anything. You may know that if they had seen him he would not have escaped death.

The Heirs of Carrión went on, spurring their horses. Félix Muñoz followed their tracks back. He found his cousins, both

unconscious. Calling "Cousins! Cousins!" he straightway dismounted. He tied his horse and went towards them:

"How now, Cousins! My Cousins! Doña Elvira and Doña Sol! They have made a poor showing, the Heirs of Carrión! May it please God that they get evil guerdon for this!"

He tried to bring them back to their senses, but they were unconscious and could not speak. The sheaths of his heart were torn as he cried:

"Cousins! Cousins! Doña Elvira and Doña Sol! Wake up, Cousins, for the love of the Creator, while it is still day, before the night falls! May the wild beasts not eat us in this forest!"

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol began to revive. They opened their eyes and saw Félix Muñoz.

"Take heart, Cousins, for love of the Creator! As soon as the Heirs of Carrión find I am not there I shall be sought for in great haste. If God does not help us we shall die here."

In great pain spoke Doña Sol:

"If our father the Campeador merits aught of you, my Cousin, give us some water — so may God help you!"

In a hat that Félix Muñoz had — it was new and fresh, he had brought it from Valencia — he got some water and gave it to his cousins, who were badly cut, and they had enough to drink.

He urged them so much that he got them to sit up. He kept encouraging them and giving them heart until their strength came back, and he lifted them both on his horse. He covered

them with his mantle, took the horse by the bridle and led them away. They all three went alone through the Oak-Wood of Corpes and, between day and night, came out of the forest. They reached the Duero River. He left them at La Torre de Doña Urraca.

Félix Muñoz went on to San Esteban. He found there Diego Téllez, who was vassal of Alvar Fáñez. When Diego heard the news he was sorely afflicted. He took some beasts and worthy garments and went to receive Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. He placed them in San Esteban, and did them honor the very best he could. Those of San Esteban, who are kind folk, were sad at heart when they knew what had happened. They gave, as vassals, the hospitality due the daughters of the Cid, who stayed there until they were well.

The Heirs of Carrión were bragging. The news of what they had done sorely afflicted the good King Don Alfonso. Word of it reached Valencia the Great. When it was told to the Cid Campeador, he thought for a long hour. He lifted his hand and took hold of his beard:

" Thanks be to Christ, who is Lord of the World, since the Heirs of Carrión have done me such honor! By this beard which no man has ever plucked, the Heirs of Carrión shall reap no enjoyment from this, for I will marry my daughters well! "

The Cid was sore afflicted, and so were Alvar Fáñez and all the court. Minaya mounted, with Pedro Vermúdez and Martín Antolínez, the worthy man of Burgos, and with two hundred knights whom the Cid ordered to go. He charged them especially to travel day and night and to bring back his daughters to

Valencia the Great. In haste they obeyed the command of their lord. They mounted at once, and rode day and night. They came to Gormaz, a very strong castle. They lodged one night there, in sooth.

The news reached San Esteban that Minaya was coming for his two cousins. The barons of San Esteban welcomed Minaya and all his men as worthies should. They offered Minaya that night a great tribute of viands, due to him as lord. He did not want to take it, but he thanked them very much for it:

" Thanks, Barons of San Esteban — for you have good judgment — for the honor you have done us in what befell us. The Cid Campeador thanks you much, from where he is. So do I, who am here. Lo, may the God of Heaven give you good guerdon! "

They all thanked him and were pleased at what he said. They started for their lodgings to enjoy a night's rest. Minaya went to see his cousins where they were staying. Doña Elvira and Doña Sol fastened their eyes upon him:

" We thank you as if we saw the Creator before us; and do you thank Him, since we are alive. In days of leisure, in Valencia the Great, we shall be able to tell all our troubles."

The ladies and Alvar Fáñez wept from their eyes, and Pedro Vermúdez spoke to them thus:

" Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, have no care, since you are alive and well and without other harm. You have lost a good marriage; you can find a better one. May we see the day when we can avenge you! "

They stayed there that night and great was the rejoicing.

The next morning they got ready to start. Those of San Esteban escorted them to Río de Amor, giving them heart the while. There they took leave of them and started back. Minaya and the ladies went on. They passed Alcoceba and left Gormaz to the right. They forded the river at the place called Vadorrey. They lodged at the town of Berlanga. They went on, the next morning, and spent the night at the place called Medinaceli. On the next day they rode from Medinaceli to Molina. The Moor Abengalbón was pleased from his heart. With good will he went out to receive them. He gave them a rich supper for love of the Cid. From there they set out for Valencia.

The news of their coming reached him who in lucky hour was born. He mounted straightway and rode out to welcome them. He went flourishing his weapons and showing great joy. The Cid went to embrace his daughters. He kissed them both, and began to smile:

" Are you come, my daughters? God guard you from evil! I agreed to your marriage, but I dared not do otherwise. May it please the Creator, who is in Heaven, that I see you better married later on! God grant I be avenged on my sons-in-law of Carrión! "

The daughters kissed their father's hands.

The men went flourishing their arms, as they entered the city. Doña Jimena their mother greeted them joyfully.

He who in lucky hour was born had no wish to delay. He spoke with his followers in secret. He got ready to send to King Alfonso of Castile.

" Where art thou, Muño Gustioz, my worthy vassal? In

lucky hour I nurtured thee in my court. Take thou the message for me to Castile, to King Alfonso. Beseech him earnestly for me — as I am his vassal and he is my lord — to take ill, the good King, this dishonor that the Heirs of Carrión have put upon me. He married my daughters — it was not I who gave them away. When my sons-in-law left them with great dishonor, if any disgrace, little or big, falls upon us thereby, it is all my Lord's. They have taken my wealth from me — and it is very great. This, with the other disgrace, may well grieve me. Let him bring them to justice with me, either in the court of arbitration or in the regional or the king's court, that I may have satisfaction from the Heirs of Carrión, for great is the anger in my heart."

Muño Gustioz mounted at once. With him went two knights to serve him to his will, as well as squires of the household. They departed from Valencia and rode as fast as they could. They did not stop day or night. They found the King in Sahagún. King he was of Castile and King he was of León and of Asturias as far as Oviedo and its Cathedral of San Sal-

vador. Even to Santiago, "Saint James of Compostella," he was lord of all: the Counts of Galicia were his vassals.

As soon as Muño Gustioz dismounted he bowed before the saints and prayed to the Creator. Then he set out for the palace where the King had his court. With him went two knights who attended him as their lord. When they came into the middle of the hall the King saw them and recognized Muño Gustioz. The King arose and greeted them well. Muño Gustioz knelt down before the King and kissed his feet:

"Your grace, King — of many realms they call you lord! The Campeador kisses your feet and your hands. He is your vassal and you are his lord. You married his daughters to the Heirs of Carrión. The marriage was a great one, for you desired it! You know, indeed, the honor that has befallen us! How the Heirs of Carrión have disgraced us; how they cruelly beat the daughters of the Cid; how they left them, in great dishonor, beaten and naked, in the Oak-Wood of Corpes, to the wild beasts and the birds of the forest. Now his daughters are in Valencia. He asks you this, as vassal to lord: that you bring his sons-in-law to justice, either in the court of arbitration or in the regional or the king's court. He holds himself dishonored, but the insult to you is greater — and may it grieve you, King, as you are wise! Let the Cid have justice of the Heirs of Carrión!"

For a long hour the King was silent and reflected:

"To tell thee the truth, this weighs upon my heart. And thou, Muño Gustioz, art not wrong in this, for I did marry his daughters to the Heirs of Carrión. I did it for the best, that it might profit the Cid. Today, would that the marriages had

never been made! Both the Cid and I are sorely grieved by this. I will aid his cause, so may the Creator save me! I will do what I did not think to do at this time: my chamberlains shall go through all my kingdom and proclaim the king's court, to be held in Toledo; let counts and nobles come to me there; I shall summon the Heirs of Carrión, and they shall give satisfaction to the Cid Campeador; and there shall be no dispute if I can prevent it. Tell the Campeador, who in lucky hour was born, seven weeks from now to get ready with his vassals and to come to me at Toledo — I give him that long. I am holding this court for love of the Cid. Take my greetings to them all, and let them rejoice. They will even be honored by what has happened to them."

Muño Gustioz took his leave and went back to the Cid.

As the King had said, it was his affair: Alfonso the Castilian let nothing hold him back. He sent letters through León and to Santiago, to the Portuguese and to the Galicians, and to those of Carrión and to the barons of Castile: to say that he was holding court in Toledo — this honored King; at the end of seven weeks they must all be there; any man who would not come to the court might no longer hold himself his vassal. Through all his lands men were thinking that they must not fail to do what the King commanded.

Now it worried the Heirs of Carrión that the King was holding a court in Toledo. They were afraid that the Cid Campeador would come there. They took counsel with all their relatives: they asked the King to excuse them from that court. Said the King:

"I will not do it, so help me God! For the Cid Campeador

is to be there, and you must give him satisfaction, since he has a quarrel with you. Whoever will not do this, or come to my court, let him leave my kingdom, for I have no liking for him."

Then the Heirs of Carrión saw that they would have to go. They held counsel with their relatives. The Count Don García took part in this. He was the Cid's enemy, always seeking his hurt. He advised the Heirs of Carrión what to do.

The seven weeks were drawing to an end, and everyone set out for the court. Among the first was the good King Don Alfonso, with the Count Don Enrique and the Count Don Ramón, father of the good Emperor, and the Count Don Fruela and the Count Don Beltrán. Many others of his kingdom skilled in the law were there, all the best of all Castile.

The Count Don García came, with Diego and Fernando, the Heirs of Carrión; and Asur González, their brother; and Gonzalo Ansúrez, the father of the Heirs; and with them a great band that they brought to the court. They were planning to do the Cid Campeador an evil turn.

The barons had gathered there from all sides, but he who in lucky hour was born had not yet come. The King did not like his delaying. But on the fifth day the Cid Campeador got there. He sent Alvar Fáñez ahead, to kiss the hands of his lord the King, and to tell him that the Cid would surely be there that night. When the King heard it he was very much pleased. The King rode out with a large company to receive him who in lucky hour was born. The Cid came well equipped, with all his men — noble are the companies that have such a lord! When the good King Don Alfonso caught sight of him, the

Cid Campeador sprang to the ground; for he wished to humble himself and honor his lord. When the King saw this, he did not wait at all:

"By Saint Isidore, you shall not do this today! Mount again, Cid, or I shall be displeased. We shall kiss each other with affection. The very thing that weighs upon you troubles my heart. God grant that the court be honored through you today!"

"Amen!" said the Cid Campeador, and he kissed the King's hand and then his mouth. "Thanks be to God, since I see you, Lord! I make my obeisance to you and to the Count Don Ramón and to the Count Don Enrique and to all who are here. God save our friends, and you especially, Lord! My wife, Doña Jimena — she is a worthy lady — kisses your hands and so do my two daughters. May you be grieved, Lord, by what happened to us!"

The King answered: "I am, so help me God!"

The King went back to Toledo. The Cid did not want to go across the Tajo River to the city that night:

"Thanks, O King — and may the Creator save you! Go back to the city, Lord, and I will lodge at San Servando with my followers. My companies will get here tonight. I shall keep vigil in that holy place. Tomorrow morning I shall enter the city and I shall go to the court before dining."

Said the King: "That pleases me well."

The King Don Alfonso went back to Toledo. The Cid Ruy Díaz lodged at San Servando. He ordered candles lighted and placed on the altar. He wanted to keep vigil in that holy

place, praying to the Creator and holding secret speech with Him. Minaya and the good men who were there were ready when morning came. They said matins and prime, until dawn. Mass was over before the sun came up, and they made a splendid offering.

"You, Minaya Alvar Fáñez, my better arm, you shall go with me, and so shall Bishop Don Jerome and Pedro Vermúdez and Muño Gustioz and Martín Antolínez, the worthy man of Burgos, and Alvar Alvarez and Alvar Salvadórez and Martín Muñoz, who at a lucky moment was born, and my nephew Félix Muñoz. With me shall go Mal Anda, who is very skilled in the law, and Galindo García, the good Aragonese. With these let one hundred be made up from the brave men who are here. Let them don their padded cassocks — so that they may bear their armor — under their hauberks as bright as the sun; and, over their hauberks, tabards of fur and ermine, with laces tightly drawn so that the armor may not show; and let them carry swords, sharp and tempered, under their mantles. In this wise do I wish to go to the court, to ask for justice and to plead my cause. If the Heirs of Carrión try to do some evil deed, with one hundred such I shall have no fear."

They all answered: "We will do this, Lord." And they equipped themselves even as he had said.

He who in lucky hour was born did not linger. He put on his legs hose of good cloth, and over these shoes richly adorned. He donned a shirt of fine linen as bright as the sun, all its loops of gold and silver and its wristbands well-fitting — for he had ordered this. Over that he put a tunic of finest brocade,

worked in gold embroideries that glistened wherever they were. Then he put on a crimson furred robe with borders of gold — the Cid Campeador always wore it. On his head was a coif of fine linen, worked in gold, rightly made, so that the hair of the good Cid Campeador could not be pulled out. He wore his beard long, and he tied it with a cord. This he did because he wanted to protect all his person against insult. Over all he put a mantle of great price, in which everyone there could see something worth looking at.

With those hundred whom he had commanded to get ready, he mounted quickly and rode out of San Servando. Thus the Cid went prepared to the court. At the outside gate he dismounted properly. The Cid and all his followers went in with prudence. He was in the middle, with the hundred around him. When they saw him who in lucky hour was born coming into the court, the good King Don Alfonso rose to his feet, and so did the Count Don Enrique and the Count Don Ramón, and after that, you may know, all the rest. With great honor did they receive him who in lucky hour was born. But the Curly-Head of Grañón, García Ordóñez, and the others in the party of the Heirs of Carrión, would not rise.

The King said to the Cid: " Come and sit here by me, Campeador, on this bench that you gave me as a gift. Although it does not please some people, you are better than We."

Then he who had won Valencia spoke his thanks:

" Sit on your bench as King and Lord. I shall take my seat here with all these my men."

What the Cid said was very pleasing to the King. Then the

Cid sat down on a bench of turned work. The hundred who were guarding him took their places around him. All who were in the court were gazing at the Cid, with his long beard tied with a cord. Truly he seemed a baron by his dress. The Heirs of Carrión could not look at him for shame. Then the good King Don Alfonso rose to his feet:

" Listen, followers, and may the Creator keep you! Since I became King I have not held more than two courts. One was in Burgos and the other in Carrión. This third one I have come to hold today at Toledo, for love of the Cid — he who in lucky hour was born — so that he may have satisfaction of the Heirs of Carrión. They have done him great wrong, and we all know it. Let Don Enrique and Don Ramón be judges of this case, as well as you other counts who are not of the party of the Heirs of Carrión. Put your minds, all of you, for you are wise, to finding out the right, since I do not want the wrong. On the one side and the other let us be at peace today. I swear by Saint Isidore that he who disturbs my court shall leave my kingdom and lose my love. I am on the side that is in the right. Now let the Cid Campeador plead. We shall see what the Heirs of Carrión will answer."

The Cid kissed the hand of the King and rose to his feet:

" I thank you much as my King and Lord, for calling this court for love of me.

" This is my case against the Heirs of Carrión: In deserting my daughters they did me no dishonor; for it is you who married them, King, and you will know what to do about that today. But when they took my daughters from Valencia the Great I

loved my sons-in-law dearly, and I gave them two swords, *Colada* and *Tizón* — which I had won as a baron should — that they might do honor to themselves and serve you with them. When they left my daughters in the Oak-Wood of Corpes they wished to have naught to do with me and lost my love. Let them give me back my swords, since they are no longer my sons-in-law."

The Judges decreed: " All this is just."

Said the Count Don García: " Let our side talk this over."

Then the Heirs of Carrión went apart, with all their relatives and followers who were there. They discussed the matter quickly and agreed on this plan:

" The Cid Campeador shows us great favor, since he does not ask redress today for the insult to his daughters. We shall easily arrange things with the King Don Alfonso. Let us give the Cid his swords, since he thus ends his plea, and when he has them, the court will adjourn. The Cid Campeador will have no further satisfaction of us."

They went back into the court with this speech:

" Your grace, O King Don Alfonso, you are our Lord! We cannot deny that he gave us two swords. Since he asks for them and wants them back, we wish to give them to him in your presence."

They drew out the swords *Colada* and *Tizón,* and placed them in the hand of the King their Lord. As they drew forth the swords all the court was lighted up. The hilts and the quillons were all of gold. The nobles of the court were struck with wonder.

The Cid took the swords. He kissed the hands of the King. He went back to the bench from which he had arisen. He held the swords in his hands and examined them both. They could not have exchanged them for others, for the Cid knew them well. He was all joyful and he smiled from his heart. He lifted his hand and took hold of his beard:

" By this beard that no one has plucked, with these shall be avenged Doña Elvira and Doña Sol! "

He called his nephew Don Pedro by name. He held out his arm and gave him the sword *Tizón:*

" Take it, nephew, it will now have a better lord."

To Martín Antolínez, the worthy man of Burgos, he held out his arm, and gave him the sword *Colada:*

" Martín Antolínez, my worthy vassal, take *Colada* — I won it from a good lord, from Ramón Berenguer of Barcelona the Great. I give it to you to keep well. I know that, if you have the chance, you will win great fame and honor with it."

He kissed the Cid's hand and took the sword. Then the Cid Campeador rose up:

" Thanks to the Creator, and to you, Lord King! I am content as regards my swords, *Colada* and *Tizón*. But I have another complaint against the Heirs of Carrión. When they took my two daughters from Valencia I gave them, in gold and in silver, three thousand marks. While I was doing this they were finishing what they had on hand. Let them give me back my wealth, since they are no longer my sons-in-law."

Then you would have seen the Heirs of Carrión complain! Said the Count Don Ramón:

" Say yes or no! "

The Heirs of Carrión answered:

" We gave the Cid Campeador his swords so that he would not ask us for anything else, for that ended his suit."

The Count Don Ramón answered:

" An it please the King, this is our opinion: that you should give satisfaction to the Cid for what he complains of.

Said the good King:

" You have my permission."

The Cid Campeador rose to his feet:

" Those riches that I gave you, give them back to me, or make me an accounting."

Then the Heirs of Carrión went aside. They could not agree in counsel, for the riches were great, and the Heirs of Carrión had spent them. They went back with their decision and spoke their wishes:

" He who won Valencia presses us overmuch, since longing for our wealth thus seizes him. We will pay him from our heritages in the lands of Carrión."

Since they acknowledged the debt, the Judges said:

" If this please the Cid we do not forbid it. But in our judgment we decree it thus: that you pay it back here in the court."

At these words the King Don Alfonso spoke:

" We know this suit well: that the Cid Campeador demands satisfaction. I have two hundred of those three thousand marks. The Heirs of Carrión between them gave them to me. I wish to return them, since the brothers are ruined. Let them give

them to the Cid, to him who in lucky hour was born. Since they have to pay their debt, I do not want the money."

Fernando González spoke: " We have no wealth in money."

Then the Count Don Ramón answered:

" You have spent the gold and the silver. We pronounce in judgment before the King Don Alfonso: Let them pay it in kind and let the Campeador accept it."

Then the Heirs of Carrión saw that they must pay. You would have seen many a courser led up, many a strong mule, and many a seasoned palfrey; and many a good sword and all kinds of arms brought. The Cid took all this as they priced it in the court. The Heirs of Carrión paid him who in lucky hour was born all but the two hundred marks that King Alfonso held. They had to borrow from others, for their own wealth was not enough. They got out of that affair badly mocked at, you may be sure!

The Cid took those goods. His men kept them and guarded them. After this was done, they thought of other things. The Cid spoke:

" Your grace, O Lord King, for the love of charity! I cannot forget my greatest complaint. Hear me, all ye of the court, and let my wrong grieve you! I cannot leave the Heirs of Carrión, who so evilly dishonored me, without a challenge. Speak, how have I wronged you, Heirs of Carrión: in jest or in earnest or in any way? If I have I will make amends, according to the judgment of the court. Wherefore did you tear off the sheaths of my heart? At your departure from Valencia I gave you my daughters, with very great honor and numerous goods. Since

you did not want them, O traitorous hounds, why did you take them from Valencia their heritage? Wherefore did you strike them with girths and with spurs? You left them alone, in the Oak-Wood of Corpes, with the wild beasts and the birds of the forest. You are dishonored by all you did to them. If you do not make amends for this, let this court pronounce judgment."

The Count Don García rose to his feet:

" Your grace, O King, the best of all Spain! The Cid is growing used to the king's solemn court! He has let his beard grow and wears it long. Some are afraid of him and the rest he terrifies. Those of Carrión are of such high birth that they ought not to have sought his daughters . . . Who ever gave them for wives? They did right to leave them. Whatever the Cid may say we prize no whit! "

Then the Campeador took hold of his beard:

" Thanks be to God, who rules heaven and earth! My beard is long because it was grown with care. What ails you, Count, to insult my beard? Since it first began to grow it has been nurtured with joy. No son of woman born has ever seized me by it — nor has son of Moor or of Christian plucked out a strand — as I did out of yours, Count, in the Castle of Cabra! When I took Cabra, and you by the beard, there was no youngster who did not get a good handful. The part I plucked has not even yet grown as long as the rest — I have the strand here in my purse."

Fernando González rose to his feet. You shall hear what he said, in a loud voice:

"End your case, Cid. All your wealth is paid back. Let not the quarrel grow between us and you. We are by birth Counts of Carrión. We ought to marry daughters of kings or of emperors; daughters of the petty nobles were not fitting for us. We did right to leave our wives. We think more of ourselves for it, you may know, and not less."

The Cid Ruy Díaz looked at Pedro Vermúdez:

"Speak, Pedro Mudo, the Mute, Baron who art so silent! I have their wives for daughters and thou for first cousins. When they say such things to me they are giving thee earfuls. If I answer, thou mayest not fight."

Pedro Vermúdez tried to speak. His tongue was held back, for he stammered, and he could not begin. But, once started, you may know, he did not stop:

"I will tell you, Cid, you are always doing that: calling me Pedro Mudo, the Mute, in the courts. You know well that I cannot help it. But in what I have to do I will not be found wanting!

"Thou liest, Fernando, in all thou hast said. Through the Campeador you gained much honor. I will tell you what you are like. Remember when we were fighting near Valencia the Great; thou didst ask the first blows of the loyal Campeador; thou didst see a Moor and go to attack him; thou didst flee before reaching him. If I had not succored thee the Moor would have played a bad joke on thee. I left thee behind and fought with him. I routed him with the first blows. I gave thee his horse, and kept it all a secret. Until today I have not disclosed it to anyone. Before the Cid and before everybody thou didst

boast that thou hadst slain the Moor and done a deed worthy of a baron. They all believed thee, for they did not know the truth. Thou art handsome, but thou art not brave! Tongue without hands, how darest thou speak?

" Say, Fernando, admit this: Dost thou not remember the adventure of the lion in Valencia, when the Cid was sleeping and the lion broke loose? And thou, Fernando, what didst thou do in thy fear? Thou didst hide behind the bench of the Cid Campeador! Thou didst hide, Fernando; wherefore thou hast the less fame today. We surrounded the bench to protect our lord — until the Cid awoke, he who conquered Valencia. He rose from the bench and went towards the lion, who put his head down and waited for the Cid. He let the Cid take him by the neck and put him in his cage. When the good Campeador came back he saw his vassals standing around. He asked for his sons-in-law but neither was to be seen. I defy you as a villain and traitor. I will fight this out here, before the King Don Alfonso, for the daughters of the Cid, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. By having left them you are dishonored. They are women and you, men. In every way they are worth more than you. If it please the Creator, when the battle takes place thou wilt confess this in the guise of a traitor! Of all that I have said I shall prove the truth."

The speech of those two ended there. You shall hear now what Diego González said:

" We are by birth counts of the purest blood. Would that those marriages had never been made — to give me for father-in-law the Cid Don Rodrigo! We do not yet repent of having

left his daughters. They may sigh as long as they live. What we did to them will be a reproach to them. I will fight for this with the boldest of all: that we did honor to ourselves in leaving them."

Martín Antolínez rose to his feet:

" Be silent, traitor, mouth without truth! Thou shouldst not forget the adventure of the lion. Thou didst flee through the door and hide in the courtyard. Thou didst take refuge behind the wine-press beam. Thou didst not wear again thy mantle or thy tunic! I will fight, without fail, to prove this: the daughters of the Cid are more honored, you may know, in every way, than you, by your leaving them. After the combat thou wilt say with thy mouth that thou art a traitor and hast lied in all thou hast said."

The speech of these two ceased. Asur González came into the palace, his ermine mantle and his tunic dragging. He came red-faced, for he had just breakfasted. There was little discretion in what he said:

" What ho, Barons! Who ever saw such a misfortune? Who would have said we should gain honor from the Cid of Vivar? Let him go to the Ubierna River to grind his millstones and collect his toll of corn, as is his wont! Who would have said he would marry with those of Carrión? "

Then Muño Gustioz rose to his feet:

" Be still, villain, wicked and traitorous! Thou goest to breakfast before going to pray. Thou dost belch in the faces of those to whom thou givest the kiss of peace in church. Thou speakest truth to neither friend nor lord. Thou art false to all

and, more, to the Creator. I do not care to have a share in thy friendship. I shall make thee confess that thou art such as I say."

Said King Alfonso: "Let the case rest. Those who have challenged shall fight, so help me God!"

Just as they finished, lo, two knights came through the court. One was called Ojarra and the other Iñigo Jiménez. One came from the Heir of Navarre and the other from the Heir of Aragon. They kissed the hands of the King Don Alfonso. They asked his daughters of the Cid Campeador, to be Queens of Navarre and of Aragon, in honorable and lawful marriage. At this news, all the court was silent to listen. The Cid Campeador rose to his feet:

"Your grace, King Alfonso, you are my Lord! I thank the Creator for this, that they ask me for my daughters, from Navarre and from Aragon. You, not I, married them before. My daughters are in your hands. I will do nothing without your command."

The King arose. He bade the court keep silence:

"I beg of you, Cid, perfect Campeador, to be pleased to accept, and I shall give my consent. Let this marriage be authorized today in this court, for it will add to your honor and your lands and your fiefs."

The Cid arose and kissed the King's hands:

"Since it pleases you, I give my consent, Lord."

Then the King said: "God give you good guerdon! To you, Ojarra, and to you, Iñigo Jiménez, I authorize this marriage of the daughters of the Cid, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol; that he give them to you for the Heirs of Navarre and of Aragon, in honorable and lawful marriage."

Ojarra and Iñigo Jiménez rose to their feet. They kissed the hands of the King Don Alfonso, and then of the Cid Campeador. They promised and swore the feudal oath, with their hands between those of the Cid, that it should be as they had said or better. Many of that court were pleased, but not the Heirs of Carrión. Minaya Alvar Fáñez rose to his feet:

"I ask your grace as my King and Lord — and may this not displease the Cid Campeador! I have not bothered you during all this court; now I should like to speak of somewhat that concerns me."

Said the King: "I shall be pleased to hear you. Speak, Minaya, what you will."

"I beg you, all you of the court, to give heed to me, for I have a great quarrel with the Heirs of Carrión. I, as representative of King Alfonso, gave them my cousins. They took them honorably and lawfully to wife. The Cid Campeador gave them great wealth. They left his daughters to our hurt. I defy them as wicked men and traitors. Heirs of Carrión, you are Beni-Gómez, descended from Gómez Díaz, of a family which has brought forth counts of worth and valor. But we know well what they are like now. I thank the Creator for this: that the Heirs of Navarre and of Aragon have asked for my cousins, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. Before, you held them in your arms as equals; now you must kiss their hands and call them 'Queen.' You will have to serve them, however much you may dislike it. Thanks be to the God of Heaven and to the King Don Alfonso, thus does the honor of the Cid Campeador grow! In

every way you are as I say. If there be any who would answer or say 'No,' I am Alvar Fáñez, a better man than he! "

Gómez Peláyez rose to his feet:

" What is the use of all this speech, Minaya? For here in the court there are plenty of men to fight with you, and whoever should not say so, it would be to his hurt. If it be God's will that we come well out of this, then you shall learn what you have said and what not."

Said the King: " Let the case rest. Let no further suit be brought. Tomorrow, at sunrise, shall be the combat of these three against three who gave challenge in the court."

Then spoke the Heirs of Carrión:

" Give us, King, a little time; for we cannot fight tomorrow. Those of the Cid have arms and horses. We have given ours to them. We must first go to the lands of Carrión."

The King spoke to the Campeador:

" Let this combat be where you command."

Then said the Cid:

" Not so, Lord. I like better Valencia than the lands of Carrión."

" No doubt, Campeador. Then give me your knights with all their arms. Let them go with me, and I will be their guardian. I promise you, as a lord to a good vassal, that they shall not be harmed by count or by noble. Here in my court I grant a delay: at the end of three weeks, in the plains of Carrión, let the combat be held in my presence. If any of you does not come within that time he shall lose his cause and thenceforth be held vanquished and a traitor."

The Heirs of Carrión accepted the judgment. The Cid kissed the hands of the King:

" These my three knights are in your hands, and I commend them to you as my King and Lord. They are ready to do their part. Send them in honor to me at Valencia, for love of the Creator! "

The King answered: " May God will it thus! "

Then the Cid Campeador took off his hat and his coif of fine linen that was bright as the sun, and set free his beard, untying the cord that bound it. Those in the court could not look at him enough. He went up to the Count Don Enrique and the Count Don Ramón. He embraced them warmly and begged them to take as much of his wealth as they wanted. He besought all the others who were on the right side to do the same. Some there were who did so and others who did not. He released the King from paying the two hundred marks, since he had as much as he wished in the rest.

" I ask your favor, King, for love of the Creator! Since all these things are settled, I kiss your hands in farewell, Lord: I want to go to Valencia, which I had a hard time winning."

Then the Cid ordered beasts, and everything else that they needed, to be given to the messengers of the Heirs of Navarre and of Aragon, and he sent them away. The King Don Alfonso and all the great nobles of his court mounted their horses in order to ride forth with the Cid, who was leaving the town. When they reached the Zocodover — the market-place — the King said to the Cid, who was riding on his horse Babieca:

" Don Rodrigo, by the faith that you owe me, let me see

you run that horse — of which I have heard tell such good things."

The Cid smiled, and said:

" Lord, here in your court are many great nobles, skilled in riding: command them to put their horses through their paces."

The King said to him: " Cid, your words please me, but I want you to show your horse for love of me."

Then the Cid gave rein to his horse and so fast did he make him go that everyone was filled with wonder at the course that he ran. The King raised his hand and made the sign of the Cross on his face:

" I swear by Saint Isidore of León that in all Our lands there is not such a good baron."

The Cid came forward on his horse. He went to kiss the hand of his Lord, Alfonso:

" You commanded me to run Babieca the Fleet. Among Moors or Christians there is not another like him today. I give him to you as a gift. Accept him, Lord."

Then the King said:

" I do not wish to do this. If I took him from you he would not have so good a master. Such a horse as he is for such as you, to vanquish the Moors in battle and pursue them from the field. May the Creator not protect him who would want to take Babieca from you, for by you and by the horse are we honored."

Then they said farewell and the court broke up. The Campeador gave good counsel to those who were to fight:

" Now, Martín Antolínez, and you, Pedro Vermúdez, and Muño Gustioz, stand your ground in the field, as barons should. Let good reports of you come to Valencia."

Said Martín Antolínez:

" Why do you say that, Lord? We have taken this task upon us and it is for us to see it through. You may hear of dead men, but of vanquished, no! "

He who in lucky hour was born was joyful at these words. He took his leave of all those who were his friends. The Cid set out for Valencia, and the King for Carrión.

The three weeks' respite passed. Lo, on the appointed day those of the Campeador were there, eager to carry out the task put on them by their lord. They were under the protection of Alfonso of León. They waited for two days for the Heirs of Carrión, who came well equipped with horses and arms. All their relatives had reached an agreement with them: that if they could get the champions of the Campeador away, they would kill them in the fields, outside the town, to the disgrace of their lord the Cid. It was an evil plan; but it went no further, for they were very fearful of Alfonso of León.

At night they held the vigil of arms and prayed to the Creator. Night passed, dawn broke. Many good nobles gathered to watch that combat, as they were eager for it. But, especially, there was the King Don Alfonso, to see that right was done and not wrong.

Already those of the good Campeador were arming. They were all three of one mind, for they had a single lord. In another place the Heirs of Carrión were putting on their arms. Count

García Ordóñez was giving them counsel. They made a plea to King Alfonso: that the sharp swords *Colada* and *Tizón* should not be used in the battle, that the Campeador's champions should not fight with those weapons. The Heirs of Carrión were very sorry that they had given them back. They told the King about this, but he would not grant their prayer:

" You did not speak of excluding any sword when we were holding the court. If you have good ones they will serve you. It will be the same with those of the Campeador. Rise and go forth to the field, Heirs of Carrión. You must fight in the manner of barons, for those of the Campeador will be no whit lacking. If you are victorious in the fight you will have great honor, and if you are vanquished, do not blame Us; for everyone knows that this is of your doing."

The Heirs of Carrión were already repenting. They were very sorry for what they had done. They would have given all the wealth of Carrión not to have done it.

All three of the Campeador's champions were armed. The King Don Alfonso went to see them. Said those of the Campeador:

" We beg you, as our King and Lord, to be judge today of them and of us. Protect us in the right and suffer no wrong to be done. The Heirs of Carrión have their party here. We do not know what they have been planning or what not. Our lord has put us in your hands. Support us in the right, for love of the Creator! "

The King said: " With all my heart! "

They brought them their horses, good and swift. The cham-

pions made the sign of the Cross on the saddles, and mounted at once. With well-bossed bucklers hanging from their shoulders, they took in their hands their lances with sharp iron at the tip, each with its pennon. Around them were many good barons. Then they rode out to the field where the lists were. Those of the Campeador were all three agreed that each would strike his opponent well. Lo, on the other side came the Heirs of Carrión, very well attended, for their relatives were many. The King named judges to speak nothing but the right, so that there might be no disputing of yes or no. There where they were in the field the King Don Alfonso spoke:

" Listen to what I tell you, Heirs of Carrión: you would have fought this fight in Toledo, but you did not wish to. I have brought these three knights of the Cid Campeador to the lands of Carrión under my sworn protection. Maintain your right, do not seek the wrong; for whoever tries to do ill, I will prevent him evilly. He will find no comfort in all my kingdom."

The Heirs of Carrión were already sorry.

The judges and the King pointed out the lists. All the onlookers left the field. They made it clear to all six of the champions that whoever went outside the lists would be held vanquished by that alone. The spectators drew back to a distance of six spear's-lengths from the lists. The champions divided the field by lots and each side had an equal share of the sun. The judges left, and the fighters faced each other.

Then those of the Cid advanced towards the Heirs of Carrión, and the Heirs of Carrión towards those of the Campeador. Each man kept his mind on his opponent. They grasped their

shields before their breasts, they couched their lances with their pennons, they bowed their faces above their saddle-bows, and struck their horses with their spurs. The earth began to tremble where they charged. Each man kept his mind on his opponent. They all crashed together, three against three. Those who were watching thought that they would fall dead at any moment.

Pedro Vermúdez, he who had challenged first, met Fernando González face to face. Fearlessly they struck each other on their shields. Fernando González pierced the shield of Pedro Vermúdez. It was a glancing blow and did not reach the flesh. The shaft of his lance broke in two places. Pedro Vermúdez stood firm, and did not flinch. He had taken one blow, but he dealt another. He shattered the boss on Fernando's shield and struck it off. The lance went quite through the shield, which availed him nothing. Vermúdez drove the lance into his breast, near his heart. Fernando had on three sets of mail — that helped him. The first two were pierced and the third held; but his cassock with his shirt and the third set of mail were thrust a hand-length into his flesh. The blood gushed forth from his mouth. His saddle-girths broke — not one availed him. Over the croup of his horse he was thrown to the ground. The onlookers thought that he had received his death-blow. Pedro Vermúdez left the spear in him and took his sword in his hand. When Fernando González saw it he recognized *Tizón*. Without waiting for the blow, he said:

"I am vanquished."

The judges accepted this, and Pedro Vermúdez left him.

Martín Antolínez and Diego González struck each other

with their lances. The shafts of both were shattered by the blows. Martín Antolínez drew his sword. It was so clear and bright that all the field was lighted up. He struck Diego with it, a glancing blow. He tore off the top of his helmet, cutting through all the laces, and his hood of mail, and reached the coif beneath. The coif and all the hood of mail fell away, the hairs were cut from his head, and the sword reached the flesh. Part fell to the ground, and the rest stayed on top. When *Colada the Priceless* had struck this blow, Diego González saw that he could not escape with his life. He pulled his horse's rein to turn round. Then Martín Antolínez received him with the sword. He dealt him a blow with the flat side, not with the edge. Diego González drew his sword but he did not use it. He began to cry in a loud voice:

"Help me, Glorious Lord God! Protect me from this sword!"

He pulled his horse's rein and, turning out of the path of the sword, escaped from the lists. Martín Antolínez stayed in the field. Then the King said to him:

"Come, you, Martín Antolínez, into my following here. You have won this combat by all you have done."

The judges decreed that the King had said a true word. Two of the Cid's men had conquered. I will tell you now of Muño Gustioz, how he acquitted himself with Asur González. They dealt each other heavy blows on their shields. Asur González, a strong and valiant knight, struck Don Muño Gustioz on the shield. He went through the shield and pierced his armor. The blow was glancing and did not reach the flesh. Muño Gus-

tioz returned that blow. He went through the shield in the middle of the boss and broke the armor behind — it could not save him. He struck him in the side, but not near the heart. He thrust the lance with its pennon into the flesh and it came out an arm's-length behind. He jerked it sideways and threw Asur González from the saddle. As he pulled out the spear his opponent fell to the ground. Shaft and tip and pennon came forth crimson. They all thought González was wounded to the death. Muño Gustioz recovered his lance and stood over him. Said Gonzalo Ansúrez, the father of Asur:

" Strike him not, for God's sake! The field is won, since this was brought to pass! "

Said the judges: " So let it be! "

The good King Don Alfonso commanded the field to be cleared. He took for himself as his due the arms that were left there by the vanquished. The champions of the good Campeador departed with honor. They had won that combat by the grace of the Creator. Great was the grief throughout the lands of Carrión.

The King sent away those of the Cid by night, so that they need not fear an attack. Like prudent men, they rode day and night, until they reached Valencia and the Cid Campeador. They had left the Heirs of Carrión proven traitors; they had fulfilled the task laid upon them by their lord. The Cid Campeador was filled with joy by this. Great was the disgrace of the Heirs of Carrión. Whoever mocks a noble lady and leaves her afterwards, may the like happen to him — or even worse. Let us leave the affairs of the Heirs of Carrión. They had no liking

for what they had got. Let us speak of him who in lucky hour was born. They made merry in Valencia the Great, because those of the Campeador had won such honor. Ruy Díaz their Lord grasped his beard:

"Thanks be to the King of Heaven, my daughters are avenged! Freed now is their heritage in Carrión! I will marry them without dishonor — whoever likes it or does not!"

Those of Navarre and of Aragon began to make arrangements for the marriages. They went to talk things over with Alfonso of León. Their marriages with Doña Elvira and with Doña Sol took place. The first ones had been noble, but these were better. The Cid married his daughters with greater distinction than before. Behold how his honor grows who in lucky hour was born: his daughters are now Queens of Navarre and of Aragon! The Kings of Spain are now his kin. Honor came to them all through him who in lucky hour was born.

He departed this life on the day of Pentecost. May he have Christ's forgiveness! So may we all — the good and the sinful! These are the deeds of the Cid Campeador. In this place ends this story.

May God grant Paradise to him who copied this book! Amen!

Pedro Abad copied it in the month of May, in the year MCCCVII...

LIST OF PROPER NAMES

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in *bark*
e as in *set*
i as in *machine*
o as in *for*
u as in *bull*
c before *e* and *i* sounds like *th* in *thin*
c before *a, o,* and *u* sounds like *k*
ch as in *church*
Spanish *d* between vowels is very soft; it sounds almost like *th* in *thin*
j and *g* before *e* and *i* sound like *h* in *hen*
g as in *go*
Spanish *h* is always silent
ll as *lli* in *million*
ñ as *ny* in *canyon*
q sounds like *k*
rr has a more pronounced trill than initial *r*
z sounds like *th* in *thin*
′ indicates stress as it does in English

LIST OF PROPER NAMES

Abengalbón [A-ben-gal-bon′], a Moor, Alcaid of Molina
Aladraf [A-la-draf′], A Moor slain in the fight before Valencia
Alamos [A′-la-mos], founder of the town of Griza
Albarracín [Al-ba-rra-thin′], *see* Santa María de Albarracín
Alcalá [Al-ka-la′], a town in the Moorish territory taken by the Cid
Alcañiz [Al-ka-nyith′], a Moorish town in country ravaged by the Cid
Alcarria [Al-ka′-rria], Moorish country crossed by the Cid
Alcoceba [Al-ko-the′-ba], a place in the Moorish country
Alcocer [Al-ko-ther′], a castle captured by the Cid

Alcubilla del Marqués [Al-ku-bi′-llia del Mar-kes′], a town near the frontier of Castile
Alexandria, an Egyptian city
Alfonso [Al-fon′-so], King of León and Castile
Alhama [A-la′-ma], a town in the Moorish country
Almenara [Al-me-na′-ra], a town near Valencia taken by the Cid
Almudáfar [Al-mu-da′-far], King of Granada
Almutámiz [Al-mu-ta′-mith], King of Seville
Alvar Alvarez [Al′-var Al′-va-reth], a vassal of the Cid
Alvar Díaz [Al′-var Di′-ath], an enemy of the Cid at court
Alvar Fáñez, Alvar Fáñez Minaya [Al′-var Fa′-nyeth Mi-na′-ya], *see* Minaya Alvar Fáñez
Alvar Salvadórez [Al′-var Sal-va-do′-reth], a vassal of the Cid
Alvaro [Al′-va-ro], *see* Minaya Alvar Fáñez
Anguita [An-gui′-ta], a town in the Moorish country, *see* Cuevas de Anguita
Ansarera [An-sa-re′-ra], a town in the Moorish country
Ansúrez [An-su′-reth], *see* Gonzalo Ansúrez
Antolínez [An-to-li′-neth], *see* Martín Antolínez
Aragon [In Spanish Aragón, A-ra-gon′], a kingdom of Spain
Arbujuelo [Ar-bu-hue′-lo], a valley in the Moorish country
Ariza [A-ri′-tha], a town in the Moorish country
Arlanzón [Ar-lan-thon′], the river on which Burgos stands
Asturias [As-tu′-rias], a kingdom of Spain
Asur González [A-sur′ Gon-tha′-leth], older brother of the Heirs of Carrión
Ateca [A-te′-ka], a town in the Moorish country
Atienza [A-tien′-tha], a Moorish fortress
Babieca [Ba-bie′-ka], the Cid's horse
Barcelona [Bar-the-lo′-na], a city of Catalonia
Beltrán [Bel-tran′], a count at King Alfonso's court
Benicadell [Be-ni-ka-del′], a fortress captured by the Cid
Beni-Gómez [Be′-ni Go′-meth], the name of the family to which the Heirs of Carrión belonged
Berenguer [Be-ren-guer′], *see* Ramón Berenguer
Berlanga [Ber-lan′-ga], a town near the frontier of Castile
Bubierca [Bu-bier′-ka], a town in the Moorish country
Búcar [Bu′-kar], King of Morocco
Burgos [Bur′-gos], a city of Castile

Burriana [Bu-rria'-na], a town near Valencia conquered by the Cid

Cabra [Ka'-bra], a castle in the Moorish Kingdom of Seville captured by the Cid

Calatayud [Ka-la-ta-yud'], a town in the Moorish country subdued by the Cid

Campeador [Kam-pea-dor'], a title meaning "warrior" given to the Cid

Canal de Cella [Ka-nal' de The'-llia], *see* Cella del Canal

Cardeña [Kar-de'-nya], *see* San Pedro de Cardeña

Carrión [Ka-rrion'], the native city of the Heirs of Carrión, in León

Castejón [Kas-te-hon'], a town in the Moorish country taken by the Cid

Castellón de la Plana [Kas-te-llion' de la pla'-na], a town near Valencia

Castile [In Spanish Castilla, Kas-ti'-llia], a kingdom of Spain

Catalonia [Ka-ta-lo'-nia], a region of Northeastern Spain

Cebolla [The-bo'-llia], *see* Puig

Cella del Canal [The'-llia del Ka-nal'], a town in the Moorish country

Cetina [The-ti'-na], a town in the Moorish country

Cid [Thid], a Moorish title meaning "lord" given to Rodrigo or Ruy Díaz the hero of this story

Colada [Ko-la'-da], the sword won by the Cid from Ramón Berenguer, Count of Barcelona

Cordova [In Spanish Cordoba, Kor'-do-ba], a city in the Kingdom of Seville

Corpes [Kor'-pes], an oak-wood near the border of Castile where the Heirs of Carrión deserted their wives

Cuevas de Anguita [Kue'-vas de An-gui'-ta], a place in the Moorish country

Cullera [Ku-llie'-ra], a town in the Moorish country

Daroca [Da-ro'-ka], a town in the Moorish country placed under tribute by the Cid

Denia [De'-nia], a town in the Moorish country

Díaz [Di'-ath], *see* 1] Ruy Díaz; 2] Gómez Díaz

Diego [Die'-go], *see* 1] Diego González; 2] Diego Laínez; 3] Diego Pérez; 4] Diego Téllez

Diego González [Die'-go Gon-tha'-leth], son-in-law of the Cid, one of the Heirs of Carrión

Diego Laínez [Die'-go Lai'-neth], father of the Cid

Diego Pérez [Die'-go Pe'-reth], a Castillian noble in the service of the King of Granada

Diego Téllez [Die'-go Te'-llieth], a vassal of Alvar Fáñez

Don [Don], a Spanish title meaning "lord"

Doña [Do′-nya], a Spanish title meaning "lady"

Duero [Due′-ro], a river rising in Castile and flowing west

El Poyo de Mio Cid [El Po′-yo de Mi′-o Thid], a hill in the Moorish country on which the Cid pitched his camp

Elpha [El′-fa], a person unknown to us

Elvira [El-vi′-ra], one of the Cid's daughters

Enrique, Count [En-ri′ke], one of the judges at the trial of the Heirs of Carrión

Espinazo de Can [Es-pi-na′-tho de Kan], a town of Castile

Félix Muñoz [Fe′-lix Mu-nyoth′], a nephew of the Cid

Fernando [Fer-nan′-do], *see* Fernando González

Fernando González [Fer-nan′-do Gon-tha′-leth], son-in-law of the Cid, one of the Heirs of Carrión

Figueruela [Fi-gue-rue′-la], a town near the border of Castile

Fortún Sánchez [For-tun′ San′-cheth], a Castilian noble in the service of the King of Granada

Franks of Catalonia [Franks of Ca-ta-lo′-nia], a name given to the Catalonians

Fruela [Frue′-la], a count at the trial of the Heirs of Carrión

Gálib [Ga′-lib], a Moorish king

Galicia [Ga-li′-thia], a kingdom of Spain

Galindo García [Ga-lin′-do Gar-thi′-a], a follower of the Cid

García [Gar-thi′-a], *see* 1] Galindo García; 2] García Ordóñez

García Ordóñez [Gar-thi′-a Or-do′-nyeth], a count, personal enemy of the Cid

Ghadames, a city of the Sahara, which gave its name to the embossed leather for which Cordova became famous in the Middle Ages

Gómez Díaz [Go′-meth Di′-ath], founder of the Beni-Gómez family

Gómez de Gormaz [Go′-meth de Gor-math′], a count, father of Doña Jimena

Gómez Peláyez [Go′-meth Pe-la′-yeth], one of the company of the Heirs of Carrión at their trial

Gonzalo [Gon-tha′-lo], *see* Gonzalo Ansúrez

Gonzalo Ansúrez [Gon-tha′-lo An-su′-reth], father of the Heirs of Carrión

Gormaz [Gor-math′], a fortress on the Duero River near the frontier of Castile, *see also* Gómez de Gormaz

Granada [Gra-na′-da], a Moorish kingdom of Spain
Grañón [Gra-nyon′], a town of Castile governed by García Ordóñez
Griza [Gri′-tha], a town near the border of Castile
Guadalajara [Gua-da-la-ha′-ra], a town in the Moorish country
Gustioz [Gus-tioth′], *see* Muño Gustioz
Háriz [A′-rith], a Moorish king
Henares [E-na′-res], a river in the Moorish country
Hita [I′-ta], a town in the Moorish country
Huesa [Ue′-sa], a town in the Moorish country
Huesca [Ues′-ka], a town in the Moorish country
Iñigo Jiménez [I′-nyi -go Hi-me′-neth], one of the ambassadors sent by the Heirs of Navarre and of Aragon to ask for the hands of the Cid's daughters
Isidore, Saint [in Spanish San I-si′-dro], invoked by King Alfonso
Jalón [Ha-lon′], a river in the Moorish country
Játiba [Ha′-ti-ba], a town in the Moorish country near Valencia
Jérica [He′-ri-ka], a town in the Moorish country near Valencia
Iñigo Jiménez [I′-nyi-go Hi-me′-neth], one of the ambassadors sent by the Cid
Jiloca [Hi-lo′-ka], a river in the Moorish country
Jimena [Hi-me′-na], wife of the Cid
Júcar [Hu′-kar], a river in the Moorish country near Valencia
La Hoz [La Oth], the gorge of the Jalón River
La Torre de Doña Urraca [La To′-rre de Do′-nya U-rra′-ka], a place near the border of Castile
León [Le-on′], a kingdom of Spain
Lope Sánchez [Lo′-pe San′-cheth], a Castilian noble in the service of the King of Granada
Luzón [Lu-thon′], a forest in the Moorish country
Mal Anda [Mal An′-da], one of the Cid's company at the trial of the Heirs of Carrión
Martín [Mar-tin′], a river in the Moorish country
Martín Antolínez [Mar-tin′ An-to-li′-neth], a vassal of the Cid from Burgos
Martín Muñoz [Mar-tin′ Mu-nyoth′], a governor of Montemayor in Portugal and follower of the Cid
Martino [Mar-ti′-no], *see* Martín Antolínez
Medinaceli [Me-di-na-the′-li], a town in the Moorish country

Miedes [Mie′-des], mountains dividing the Moorish from the Christian territory

Minaya [Mi-na′-ya], *see* Minaya Alvar Fáñez

Minaya Alvar Fáñez [Mi-na′-ya Al′-var Fa′-nyeth], nephew of the Cid and his right-hand man

Molina [Mo-li′-na], a town in the Moorish country governed by Abengalbón

Monreal [Mon-re-al′], a town in the Moorish country

Montalbán [Mon-tal-ban′], a town in the Moorish country

Montemayor [Mon-te-ma-yor′], a city in Portugal

Montes Claros [Mon′-tes Cla′-ros], a mountainous district in the Moorish country

Montes Claros [Mon′-tes Cla′-ros], the region of Africa south of Mt. Atlas

Monzón [Mon-thon′], a town in the Moorish country

Morocco [Mo-ro′-ko], a kingdom of North Africa

Muño Gustioz [Mu′-nyo Gus-tioth′], a vassal of the Cid, who had reared him

Muñoz [Mu-nyoth′], *see* 1] Félix Muñoz; 2] Martín Muñoz

Murviedro [Mur-vie′-dro], a town in the Moorish country near Valencia captured by the Cid

Navapalos [Na-va-pa′-los], a town near the border of Castile

Navarre [In Spanish Na-va′-rra], a kingdom of Northern Spain

Ojarra [O-ha′-rra], one of the ambassadors sent by the Heirs of Navarre and of Aragon to ask for the hands of the Cid's daughters

Olocau [O-lo-kau′], a pass in the Moorish country

Onda [On′-da], a town in the Moorish country near Valencia taken by the Cid

Ordóñez [Or-do′-nyeth], *see* García Ordóñez

Oviedo [O-vie′-do], a city of Northern Spain

Pedro [Pe′-dro], *see* 1] Pedro the Abbot; 2] Pedro Vermúdez; 3] San Pedro de Cardeña

Pedro the Abbot [Pe′-dro the Abbot], copyist of the *Cantar de Mio Cid*

Pedro Vermúdez [Pe-dro Ver-mu′-deth], a nephew of the Cid also called "Pedro Mudo" as a nickname

Pedro Mudo [Pe′-dro Mu′-do], *see* Pedro Vermúdez

Peláyez [Pe-la′-yeth], *see* Gómez Peláyez

Puig [Puig], the modern name for Cebolla, a town in the Moorish territory near Valencia taken by the Cid

Quinea [Ki-ne′-a], a Roman road crossed by the Cid on his way into exile

Ramón, Count [Ra-mon′], chief judge at the trial of the Heirs of Carrión

Ramón [Ramon′], *see* 1] Ramón Berenguer where it refers to the Count of Barcelona; 2] Ramón, Count, otherwise

Ramón Berenguer [Ra-mon′ Be-ren-guer′], Count of Barcelona vanquished by the Cid

Raquel [Ra-quel′], a Jew of Burgos

Río de Amor [Ri′-o de A-mor′], a river, near the border of Castile

Rodrigo [Ro-dri′-go], *see* Ruy Díaz

Ruy Díaz [Ruy Di′-ath], or Rodrigo Díaz, the Cid

Sahagún [Sa-a-gun′], a town of León

Salvadórez [Sal-va-do′-reth], *see* Alvar Salvadórez

San Esteban [San Es-te′-ban], San Esteban de Gormaz, a town near the border of Castile

San Pedro de Cardeña [San Pe′-dro de Kar-de′-nya], the monastery near Burgos where the Cid left his wife and daughters when he went into exile

San Salvador [San Sal-va-dor′], the cathedral in Oviedo

San Servando [San Ser-van′-do], the church near Toledo where the Cid and his followers held vigil on the night before the trial

Sánchez [San′-cheth], *see* 1] Lope Sánchez; 2] Fortún Sánchez

Sancho [San′-cho], the abbot of San Pedro de Cardeña

Santa María [San′-ta Ma-ri′-a], *see* 1] Santa María de Albarracín; 2] Santa María of Burgos; 3] Santa María of Valencia

Santa María de Albarracín [San′-ta Ma-ri′-a de Al-ba-rra-thin′], a place in the Moorish country

Santa María of Burgos [San′-ta Ma-ri′-a of Bur′-gos], a church in Burgos

Santa María of Valencia [San′-ta Ma-ri′-a of Va-len′-thia], a church in Valencia

Santiago, St. James of Compostella [San-tia′-go de Com-pos-te′-la], a shrine in Galicia

Saragossa [In Spanish Zaragoza, Tha-ra-go′-tha], a city in the Moorish Kingdom of Saragossa in Northern Spain

Segorbe [Se-gor′-be], a town in the Moorish country near Valencia

Seville [In Spanish Sevilla, Se-vi′-llia], a Moorish Kingdom of Southern Spain

Sol [Sol], one of the daughters of the Cid

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THE SONG OF ROLAND

Translated by
MERRIAM SHERWOOD

Illustrated by
EDITH EMERSON

CHARLEMAGNE had conquered all of Spain except one part held by King Marsile. The story covers the time from the peace-offer of Marsile to the overthrow of Saragossa. It includes Ganelon's treachery; the five battles of Roncevaux; the blowing of Roland's horn; the deaths of Archibishop Turpin, Oliver, Roland and the twelve peers of France; Charlemagne's pursuit of the Saracens; the arrival of Emir Baligant of Alexandria; the lament for Roland; the death of Fair Aude; and the trial and punishment of Ganelon.

Dr. Sherwood, whose translation from Old Spanish, THE WARRIOR LORD, was so happily successful, has given us in this new book from Old French a scholarly translation which retains all the spirit and atmosphere of the original. She has chosen prose because it permits a more exact translation than does verse. The simplicity of language in this smoothly flowing narrative should make it appeal to a wide range of readers. The text is charmingly supplemented with excellent illustrations depicting the period.

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD

EL CANTAR DE MIO CID
TRANSLATED ~ BY
MERRIAM · SHERWOOD

DECORATED · BY
HENRY · C · PITZ